

NURSERY TRAINING SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD (Illus.). By Eric Pritchard, M.D.
THE CLEEK OF YESTERDAY. By Bernard Darwin.

COUNTRY LIFE

21, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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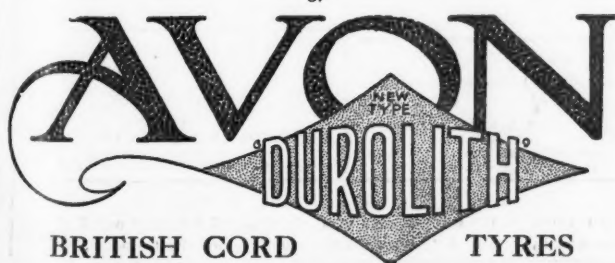
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VOL. LIV.—No. 1388.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

THE LOVE OF THE COUNTRY

OF all the months of the year this month of August is probably the one which sees the largest number of people enjoy the country. It may be a little dustier and hotter than it was earlier in the summer, the green may not be quite so delicate nor the air feel quite so divinely fresh and new, but there is plenty to be profoundly grateful for. No doubt we are not so much so as we ought to be, but still the country is one of those blessings for which we do make a very tolerable show of thankfulness.

There is, deep down in the hearts of most English people, a passionate love of the English countryside. It is a different sentiment from the love of our very own piece of it, where we were born and bred, a love that is woven of an almost infinite number of tender and delicate strands, which we cannot unravel. Neither is it the same as that patriotic affection we feel for the typical scenery of our own county—Yorkshire or Kent or Devonshire, or whatever it may be. The writer very well remembers how once he stood on the top of one of the few hills that are high enough to afford a wide stretch of view over the big, rather featureless, plains of Cambridgeshire. His companion, a Cambridgeshire man, looked at the view for a little while in silence and then said, "They talk about Surrey. I suppose it's very pretty, but I wouldn't give twopence for it compared

with this." There spoke the true, defiant pride of county, and it was a delightful and heart-warming thing to hear. But the love of the country for its own sake is a bigger and more primitive emotion. There is not necessary, in order to stimulate it, one of those places which are, so to speak, professional beauties—the guide books lamentably call them "beauty spots." They may, indeed, carry us off our legs into rapturous applause, but that which gives us the true incommunicable thrill is rather some perfectly ordinary flat green field, enclosed by four hedges, with a footpath across it, and two or three trees clustering in one corner. Here is to be found the sense of deep and complete peacefulness. Here also, because there is no transcendent and obvious beauty, we have eyes to find out beauties for ourselves—the restfulness of the green and the pleasant, graceful shapes of the trees.

In order to love the country it is not at all necessary to live there and to know all its familiar scents and sounds as a countryman knows them. It is not necessary even to wish to live there. A man may love the "full tide of life" of the town, the meeting of many people and the sharpening of wits there; he may hardly know or want to know one tree from another, and yet he feels now and then an almost unbearable yearning for greenness and quietness.

Let him be as ardent a townsman as need be, when he puts his head out of his window on the first morning of his visit the magic of it all will be too much for him. "Pleasant, pleasant country," he will sigh with Mr. Pickwick, looking on the garden at Dingley Dell. "Who could live to gaze from day to day on bricks and slates?" In a few days, perhaps, rusticity may begin to pall; he may want his bricks and slates again; but, though he may not be grateful enough to acknowledge it, the country will have done its healing work for him.

A great many people have never had the time, even if they had the inclination, to grow tired of the country. They can only make happy raids on it of a day at a time, on such an occasion as the Bank Holiday which is just past. Some of them were, no doubt, brought up in it; to them trees and flowers and birds' songs are full of meanings and memories. Others, the greater part, are townfolk born and bred. They do not rejoice so much in details of beauty; the sunshine and the shade and the big sky give a vague, esoteric glory to the festival. But to both classes the country gives in equal degree the immeasurable benefits of rest and change and fresh air and, in the old phrase, blows away the cobwebs.

If we love the country and are grateful to it, we ought to give our proofs by treating it with becoming reverence, and there is one way in which all holiday-makers can do that. Let them leave as few traces as possible of their passing so that those who follow may find the country looking as fresh and clean and solitary as they found it themselves. The carrying away or even the decent interment of the remnants of a holiday does demand of people in an agreeably lazy holiday mood a distinct effort. But even those who make the least possible effort would probably be conscience-stricken were they to revisit the scene on the following day and see the devastated areas they left behind them. Paper, cigarette ends, remains of picnic meals have, with rank ingratitude, been left to defile the countryside in return for all the health and pleasure it has given. Every piece of paper laboriously carried away in the basket is the most practical possible piece of gratitude towards the country which was the kindly founder of the feast.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Gladys Waring, O.B.E., who is the only child of Lord and Lady Waring and whose engagement to Captain Arthur Critchley D.S.O. (The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), attached Egyptian Army, and Aide-de-camp to Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, has just been announced.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY NOTES



THE one note of sadness struck in the holidays was the announcement of the sudden death of President Harding. It drew from the American people the cry that only comes when an eminent man of proved worth and solid character passes away. In this country there was not the same vehemence of grief, but there was a very widespread—one might almost say universal—feeling of regret and sympathy. President Harding, a man of comparatively humble birth, when he succeeded President Wilson was little known on this side of the Atlantic except by those who take a keen interest in the development of the American Press, but he proved to be no unworthy choice. We would describe him, rather, as a moderate well-doing citizen of the kind that no country can do without than as a brilliant statesman. His moderation and good sense proved an excellent counterweight to a certain Puritan Quixotism that rather was a weakness in the character of his predecessor. He is followed by his Vice-President, Mr. Coolidge, a New Englander of a still tongue, but, if we mistake not, of considerable resolution and definiteness of view and character. He is said to be at heart opposed to the principle of standing aloof professed by so many Americans, and hopes are entertained that he will lend important assistance to that rearrangement of world finance which is necessary before any great expansion of business can take place.

SINCE the time when Cobbett invented the phrase "The Great Wen" as a description of London, much breath and printers' ink have been expended on drawing most tragical comparisons between the slums of London and "God's own country." Recent statistics would amaze the good Cobbett and his disciples if they could be called back to these glimpses of the moon. They go to show not, indeed, that the critics of last century were dishonest or even inaccurate, for London deserved a great deal of the worst that could be said about it before the slums began to be cleared out and the study of health placed on a sound foundation. The happier state of things to-day is undoubtedly due to a more enlightened policy that has insisted on wider streets, better houses, healthy open spaces and other facilities for exercise. Whatever be the cause, the result, at any rate, is extremely satisfactory. The average death-rate in London is to-day less than the average of the great provincial towns and much better than that of any foreign capital.

OF most extraordinary interest are the discoveries that have been made in Mongolia by the American expedition under Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews. According to Mr. C. W. Andrews of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, the discoveries have very great value in showing that the dinosaurs of Europe and North America,

and, possibly, of Africa, have spread out from some northern regions in the prehistoric Arctic. These reptiles must have formed a great biological feature of the Cretaceous age. The word "dinosaur" means a terrible lizard, and the remains suggest that the organism resembled in some respects that of birds, in other respects that of mammals. They attained gigantic size and assumed a great variety of form. Before the war the Germans disinterred in East Africa some which are probably the largest land animals.

AN idea which, so far, is an aspiration, has caught hold of many who are interested in that great organisation which we call the British Empire. It has often been thought how greatly the efficiency of the whole Empire would benefit if the people spoke one language. Unfortunately, there are formidable difficulties in the way of bringing about that consummation, however devoutly it may be wished. Within the British Empire there are over eight hundred different languages spoken, and forty of them are ranked as of great importance from the trading and administrative points of view. India has five hundred languages of her own. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that the problem is being attacked, but the lines are being laid out for attacking it at University College, Gower Street. At the present moment over one hundred and sixty students, drawn from all parts of the world, are engaged in making a phonetic study of the English language. The students consist not only of subjects of King George, but of Frenchmen, Germans, Japanese, Czechs, Russians, Punjabis, Brazilians, and so forth.

DELIGHTS.

A waking bough; a crescent moon;
The drowsy somnolence of noon,
With hum and stir of bees,
That in and out—when young the may—
The warm-leaved maple's paler spray
Enmesh with sound the trees.

A crag bold wrought; a fern-fann'd dell;
Sky-errants patterning the fell;
A pipit in the grass;
Shy, wistful brooks that croon all day
Unloosed kine twining horns in play
High hawks that circling pass.

A touch of risk; a radiant sky;
A friend that lifts affection high
And graces friendship's name;
The thrush's tender evening trill,
When cool airs hush the hedges still,
And banks are green with flame.

D. THOMPSON.

VERY considerable use is being made of gramophone records, and it is obvious that more should be made for the benefit of those who pursue this research in years to come. We might hope this would evolve a standard of English speech were it not for the extraordinary modifications and changes which our language has shown in the course of centuries. We may take it that in the fourteenth century English was spoken in the way in which it has been written down by Chaucer, "the well of English undefiled." It, even then, was in the process of changing, assuming what is generally considered its most glorious form in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. This noble language, however, soon began to lose many of its features, till in the eighteenth century there was the same revolt against it that there is against gush in our own time. It would have been well had the change stopped there, but those who use language fashionable in their time have invariably shown a tendency to adopt some freakish pronunciation such as that of the Victorian lisp.

MR. FRANK JONES, an educational authority from Birmingham, during holiday-time has been holding forth at the City of London Teachers' Vacation Course on the poor vocabulary of the English youth of the present time. He describes it as approximating to that of the farm

labourer. It is reduced in essence to a few words such as "nice," "top-hole," "rotten." He is not the first to point out this tendency. Jonathan Swift did it for his contemporaries in that incomparable piece of satire, his "Guide to Polite Conversation," where he suggested a formula for appropriate phrases for all the social incidents of his time. His aim, probably, was less to reform speech than to let the bitterness of his satire loose on the brainless talk at fashionable assemblies. We do not know that the young people are as far wrong as Mr. Jones would have us believe. After all, their aim is to say what they have to say in the fewest and most emphatic words, and it is founded on an unconscious perception that economy is a virtue of the first rank in the use of language. The oft-told tale of Turner and Ruskin is an apt illustration. Ruskin, after holding forth for some time on the theory of the rendering of a sunset on which the painter was engaged, stopped and asked: "Have you nothing to say, Turner?" Upon which, Turner took his pipe out of his mouth and said, "Yes, painting is a rum thing, it is!"

THE gorgeous Bank Holiday weather meant joy for thousands of cricket watchers and the kind of cricket that most of them like to watch, namely, that in which the ball travels fast and furiously to the boundary. It was not so at Bradford, indeed, but an orgy of run-getting seldom characterises the battles of the red and white roses. There is more often, as there was this time, a stern struggle for runs that come but slowly against good bowling and desperately keen fielding. As the Yorkshire bowlers enjoyed another triumph the Yorkshire holiday crowd doubtless enjoyed itself. At the Oval everything was just what it should be, for the two most popular favourites, Hobbs and Mr. Fender, made a hundred apiece. Happiest of all, perhaps, were the men of Kent at Canterbury on Saturday, when Mr. J. L. Bryan gave an inspired display of hitting in his innings of 236 against Hampshire. Among other feats, he smote a ball into the pavilion and broke the glass of a picture, so that the ball emerged full of splinters. We are not told what the picture was, but it would be pleasant to think that it represented Fuller Pilch or Felix or Alfred Mynn. Those Kentish heroes would have been glad to suffer in their county's cause.

THE ceremony witnessed last week at Shipway Cross, and variously described as gorgeous, pretty, old-world and quaint, brought before the world for a day or two a spot remote both in place and time. Shipway Cross was, even if there never was a cruciform monument, a cross roads near Lympe in Kent, where the Roman road from Canterbury to the vanished port of Lemanis crossed the prehistoric way along the cliffs that overlook Romney Marsh. At this spot was held, in mediæval times, the ceremony of enrolling the Warden, where, with his back to the northern towns and the chalk uplands, he could see Lydd steeple to the south and, on a clear day, Fairlight Beacon above Hastings town. So, with marsh and sea at his feet and the Weald stretching to the westward, he could swear by the meeting of all three to guard his country and to foster good trade. The choice of this spot—hallowed by the shade of Rome and by so much obscure but English history—for a war memorial to the men of the Cinque Ports was happy indeed. Though mostly decayed, in time of war these old burghs and their members spring into life as though Drake's drum had wakened them; and if they no longer provide the bulk of the fleet, they breed the stoutest sailors as, in peace time, the most excellent caddies.

LULWORTH—which the War Office, by a magnificent high-handed swoop, has attempted to enclose for a Tank and Gunnery School—is known to all, by name at least, as a place of the most strange beauty. As Sir Frederick Treves wrote fifteen years ago, "It is a white-walled sea pool scooped out of the very heart of the Downs, the entrance to it a mere breach in the cliff. The tide pouring in through the neck fills the pale cove with blue. Each wave spreads out into a widening circle as it nears the beach, so that the water is rippled by concentric rings like the lid of a flat sea shell." This wonderful little haven, "a socour

for smaui shippes" as Leland found it, possesses a younger brother in Stair Hole—where the mouth is still ached over; for both must have begun by being caves, gradually enlarged by the sea till the roof fell in. West Lulworth is already a seaside town, and though the War Office enclosure would put an end to it as a tripper-trap, it would doubtless flourish as a minor garrison town. Apart from that, however, it would be almost bearable to find the cove shut off from the public. For does it not cry loudly of pirates, excisemen, rum in kegs and sudden death? It would be grand to scramble over rocks and wire, dodging sentries, and to bathe in the ogre's pool, while the Tank scholars, like angry Cyclops, arrested you from the shore and put your trousers in irons. But such adventures will, no doubt, be averted, and no dangers worse than a collision with a char-à-banc attend a visit to its magic waters.

THE fine achievements at the Athletic Championship Meeting of a few weeks since have evidently fired the popular imagination, so that a great crowd assembled at Stamford Bridge on Monday to see the British Games. When, as to-day, there are several outstanding sprinters in the field, the Hundred Yards, with its compressed agony of excitement, is always the most poignant race. Liddell, Nichol and Matthewman—a Scot, a Londoner and a Yorkshireman—fought out their Championship battle over again, with the surprising result that in a desperately close finish Liddell, the champion, could get no nearer than fourth, Matthewman just beating Nichol for first place. The most remarkable feat of the day was, undoubtedly, Stallard's half-mile. He made all his own running and won with ridiculous ease by sixty yards: yet his time was 1min. 55.3-5 secs., and if he had been pushed, he might have done almost anything. Stallard is a most versatile runner. He has always been regarded as a miler, but in his last year at Cambridge he suddenly showed himself no mean runner across country, and now we begin to wonder if his real distance is not half a mile. He will be one of the brightest of British hopes in the Olympic Games next year, if only he has time to run.

THE CALL OF THE FIELDS.

I would that I were home again
Smelling the Yorkshire loam again
And the sweet flowers stealing sunwards in the ghylls.
Oh, to hear the wee lambs calling
And the silver streams down-falling
Where Wharfe and Swale come rushing from the hills!

And to hear the rough moor voices
At yon inn where life rejoices,
And to drink fower pints o' ale wi' Yarkshire Jan!
How, I'd love to see old faces,
And walk free in rocky places,
And forget I am a star-struck singing-man.

And to flick a line, and angle
Where the milk-white pebbles spangle
The borders of the little fleeting streams!
Pack my fishing rod and basket.
No, but no! I may not ask it.
I must feast my thoughts on shadows—Dreams!—Dreams!

HERBERT EDWARD PALMER.

THREE further sections of the new road system of Kent were opened last Saturday by Mrs. Ashley, to wit, six miles from Footscray to Farningham on the Folkestone road, seven miles from Farningham to Wrotham Heath, and five miles from Gravesend, through the village of Chalk to Strood, just outside Rochester, on the old London-Dover road. A by-pass at Eltham will soon be linked up with the Footscray-Wrotham stretch of the Folkestone road by the completion of the Sidcup by-pass. The most impressive part of the works is undoubtedly the by-pass above Wrotham, where the road passes over the North Downs at a height of some 720ft. above the sea. The total breadth of these new highways from hedge to hedge is 80ft., the carriageway between kerbs varying from 30ft. to 40ft., with a margin of 20ft. on either side for any subsequent requirements.

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WELSH HOUNDS AND OTHERS

It is obvious that all foxhounds must be descendants of animals kept previously for stag-hunting, although such blood would now be eyed with grave suspicion! Presumably their ancestors were introduced by the Normans, who were the progenitors of the Englishman's love of field sports. For example, the St. Hubert and the Talbot are frequently mentioned in all old books of venery. The former, which was white, has long been extinct. The latter hailed originally from the Ardennes, and still survives, so at least it is said, as the bloodhound, although as a stag-hunter the latter had his faults even in early times. Was it not Charles IX who said, "they were first rate for gouty people, but no use for those whose affair it is to shorten the life of a stag!" Charles evidently liked to "go the pace"!

"The Noble Art of Venerie" (1576) mentions the Baux, the fallow (old British), the Dunne hound and the St. Hubert. Probably, the foxhound is evolved from all these in combination, in which case his ancestry is mixed indeed. The result has been so far successful, however, that, even for stag-hunting, the foxhound is now universally used; though this is possibly because no real staghounds now exist, the last pack (the North Devon) having been sold to go abroad in 1827. One might therefore say that only (if we omit the bloodhound) foxhounds, harriers, otter-hounds, beagles and bassets exist as different breeds in the United Kingdom, the basset incidentally having been only introduced from France in 1863 after the first French dog show.

It is rather a remarkable fact there should be fewer varieties of hounds in Great Britain than on the Continent, but, according



A SPORTING GUARD OF HONOUR FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES

to the "Manual of Venerie," by the Comte le Couteulx de Canteleu, there are some twenty different breeds used in French hunting. It would be hard to find anything approximating that number here, but even in France I believe, to-day, the varieties have decreased. Fifty years ago such breeds as the Merlant, blue Foidras and Ceris hounds were extinct, while of late years much crossing has been done among surviving breeds, presumably because they had become too in-bred. It was said even forty years ago the Haut Poitou hounds were so delicate that they were threatened with extinction, their weakness, curiously enough, chiefly showing itself in excessive nose-bleeding. I am unable to say if the breed still exists, but I do know that of late years many of the French breeds have been crossed with English ones—and this in spite of the fact that Continental sportsmen were firmly convinced our hounds lacked "nose." The Comte de Chabot I think it was who said, "the English like their foxhounds to have long necks so they can get their noses to the ground, which is proof that they have indifferent noses!"



CHAMPION WELSH DOG HOUND "GUIDER" (THE PANTYSGALLOG).



FELL HOUNDS.

Although the modern foxhound has evolved on several different lines, the type of Belvoir (so popular at Peterborough) has become almost to be looked upon as the typical foxhound. Yet this type has never found favour in hill or mountain countries. The Welsh and the Fell are absolutely different animals in appearance, and in this, I think, lies the interest so markedly taken by the public in the show organised by the Welsh Hound Association at the Royal Welsh Agricultural Society's Show at Welshpool on July 26th. Welsh hounds are mostly rough coated, a wiry, hard coat apparently being desired. They have, in most cases, the hare feet so intensely disliked by modern sportsmen. French huntsmen also do not agree with most of us on this point, and think, with the Welsh and Fell huntsmen, that the cat foot of the English foxhound is a mistake. The Comte de Canteleu says of English hounds, "the foot is round and small, a great defect and the cause of their going lame in our hard and stony forests."

Again, the bulk of the Welsh and Fell hounds seem to be white, or white in excess of other markings. This is, presumably, desired because white shows up clearly at great distances, and in foot packs the huntsman is often far behind! It is not without interest to note, however, that such packs as the Ynsfor (which still exists

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but did not exhibit) and the pack hunted by old John Vaughan of Penmaen, now defunct, were black and tan, or tan-coloured hounds, and, I am told, smooth coated. The winning champion Welsh dog hound at the Show, the Pantysgallog Guider, was also a tan hound with very little white, and hard coated. But the bulk of the Welsh hounds exhibited were white or lemon white, especially those from South and Mid Wales; a few, notably one with which I personally was much taken, of the Bwllfa were dark grey and tan, too dark to be strictly badger pie. A few of the Welsh were smooth coated and also many of the crossbreds; *à propos* of which I heard a huntsman with a smooth bitch say to a rival who had a rough-coated one, "if they wants whiskers you win, if they likes 'em clean shaved, I do!"

There are just one or two more points worthy of notice with reference to Welsh hounds. It is well known that many of them will kill but will not break up a fox, and not infrequently English hounds hunted in their company learn this defect, if it can be called such. Secondly, as a proof of their scenting powers and perseverance, it is rather remarkable that almost every authentic instance of a single hound having hunted and killed his fox alone, comes from Welsh or Fell packs. Thirdly, these, to us, splay-footed animals not infrequently hunt to a great age, while even a six-season hound is uncommon in the Midlands.

The Hound Show was held in a tent just beneath Powis Castle—a lovely background. The hounds were well turned out, and so were most of the Hunt servants, although the fact that some of them appeared in the ring in kennel coats and even in lounge suits instead of Hunt uniforms, as was conditional, rather spoilt the smartness of the whole affair. It would not do for Peterborough, although such a thing did happen once, even there.

The Prince of Wales was an interested spectator at the morning judging, and also at the parade of hounds in the main show-ring of the Royal Welsh Agricultural Society in the afternoon.

This was a beautiful show ground on the side of a hill, with the Montgomeryshire hills and vale as background.

The following is an epitome of the awards:

WELSH SECTION.

CHAMPIONS AND CHALLENGE CUPS.

Challenge Cup.

Best Single Doghound: 'The Pantysgallog Guider'; reserve, the Bwllfa Rockwood.

Best Single Bitchhound: 'The Pantysgallog Rally'; reserve, Mr. D. Davies' Countess.

Best Couple Unentered Doghounds: The Irvon and Towy Chanter and Chimer, first; the Irvon and Towy Cobbler and Newsboy, second.

Best Couple Entered Doghounds: 'The Pantysgallog Teilo and Tuner, first; the Galligaer and Tag Bont Tussler and Sailor, second.

Bitches (unentered): 'The Bwllfa Frolic and Rally, first; the Pantysgallog Comely and Singwell, second.

Bitches (entered): Mr. David Davies' Rosamond and Darling, first; the Pantysgallog Bellwood and Rally, second.

ENGLISH SECTION.

Best Single Doghound: Champion Prize, the North Hereford Dudley; reserve, the South Hereford Doctor.

Best Single Bitch: The Cheshire Crystal; reserve, the Cheshire Credit.

FELL HOUNDS.

Best Single Entered or Unentered Dog or Bitch: First, Mr. David Davies' Dorothy; reserve, Mr. Curres' Mildew.



WELSH HOUNDS IN KENNEL.



A CONTRAST IN TYPE: ENGLISH (TOP) AND WELSH HOUNDS.

THE NURSERY TRAINING SCHOOL

WELLGARTH ROAD, GARDEN SUBURB, HAMPSTEAD.

By ERIC PRITCHARD, M.D., *Honorary Consulting Physician to the Institution.*

WHEN you stand in one of the little nurseries which open on to the long corridor of the Nursery Training School and look through the open window beyond, it is hard to believe that you are almost within sound of Bow Bells and Big Ben. The vista of green foliage, the birds, the goats in the paddock, and the clucking hens suggest rather the New Forest or leafy Vallombrosa than postal district N.W.8 of the Metropolitan area of London.

This institution was not always thus favoured, it had not always this sylvan retrospect framed in its open casements; in its early days its back view was a mud heap and fly-infested stable yard. It then actually and literally was in sound of Bow Bells in the "Curzon Street" of the East End, a dull, Early Victorian thoroughfare which connects the Hackney Road with Victoria Park—a local substitute for both Hyde Park and Zoological Gardens. A dingy building this was, jerry-built and ramshackle, with creaking staircase and echoing floors, but very much beloved by its little inmates, who resented very strongly the migration to the new Utopia in Hampstead in the year 1915.

I do not quite know how we gained a footing in the sacrosanct precincts of the Garden Suburb. I rather think that we

and complete the building. Slow though the progress of building was, there finally arrived at No. 3, Wellgarth Road, in August, 1915, three 'bus-loads of children with their nurses, the latter far better pleased at the change than were at first their little charges. The infants, as infants will, heralded their arrival at their new and salubrious home by losing weight, and one little girl, Joan, acting as spokesman for her fellow toddlers, wept bitterly when she was put to bed in hygienic luxury and under a canopy of pure air. The children, however, soon became reconciled to the change, and I think I am justified in claiming that, to-day, the inhabitants of the Garden Suburb are as proud of the institution in their midst as is the committee itself.

We had a very hard struggle to keep our doors open during the years of war that followed. We had to refuse admission to many infants and children whose parents suddenly found themselves unable to maintain a home, and we had the greatest difficulty in recruiting our staff of nurse probationers; for why, indeed, should a girl pay from £40 to £60 a year to learn nursing when she could earn her £3 a week at a munition factory? All credit to our indefatigable committee and to Miss E. M. Zimmern, who was then our Warden, as well as to Miss Lydia Edwards,



1.—SOUTH ASPECT AS VIEWED FROM THE GARDEN.

owe a good deal to Mrs. Millington, the chairman of our committee and a greatly respected resident, and to Mrs. H. O. Barnett, at one time Hon. Secretary of the Garden Suburb, but at the time of our invasion the Hon. Manager of the company formed to administer the affairs of the Trust. For we soon discovered that, as a whole, the good folk of this suburban paradise regarded our invasion of their decorous rights and quiet privileges with the gravest suspicion, and before the foundations of our new building had risen above the green levels of our acre plot, the local papers were humming with threats against these new disturbers of their peace; we were described as a pest-house, an infectious hospital, a lunatic asylum, and a home for mentally defective children. These diatribes, however, did not retard the work of the builders nearly as much as the outbreak of war in August, 1914, just at the psychological moment when we were collecting our pennies successfully to pay for one layer of bricks before we incurred liability for the next. If it had not been for the munificence of the Carnegie Trust and the kindly offices of several members of our committee, and especially those of my good friend, Sir William McCormick, one of Carnegie's trustees, we never should have obtained that invaluable grant of £4,000, which enabled us to satisfy the contractors, indemnify our bank,

a matron of exceptional energy and resource, that we survived those troublous times. After the war was over we never looked back, and we have become so prosperous that to-day we are in the happy position of being able to pay off some of our burden of debt. Our financial position is this. We are an incorporated and limited company; we have no endowments, but only debts; we are self-supporting and, with the exception of a few annual subscriptions and donations from friends of the institution, subsist on the fees—£60 a year—paid by our students, and on such contributions as we can obtain from the parents or guardians of the children under our care; contributions which vary according to circumstances and the means of the parents, and with the accommodation provided.

The school was originally founded by the forethought and energy of the Women's Industrial Council in order to open up a useful career to women, and serve as a pioneer undertaking. As for the class of girls who come to us as students on probation, we have always taken a thoroughly democratic view of the claims of all applicants; so that they are drawn from all classes of society. Most of the girls have received a good secondary education and some of them are the daughters of professional men. We insist, however, that they must be of good character,



2.—THE UPPER GALLERY : TODDLERS AT DINNER.



3.—AT PLAY IN LOWER GALLERY.

health, manners, and presence. When we realise how much little children depend for their own character and manners on the example and precept of those who look after them, it appears evident how essential it is that we should make a wise selection in the choice of our students, and exercise the greatest care in all aspects of their moral, intellectual and hygienic training

and education. As a rule the girls or their parents pay the fees themselves in advance. Occasionally they are paid out of State grants or in the form of scholarships. In 1917 the National Baby Week Council offered two scholarships for competition, of sufficient value to cover the year's fees; the Committee would very gratefully receive similar offers from



4.—TODDLERS WAITING FOR TEA IN THE LONG GALLERY, FIRST FLOOR.



5.—A MODEL NURSERY FOR AN INFANT.



6.—SOUTH ASPECT: OPEN GALLERY WITH VIEW OF NURSERIES.



7.—NURSERY FOR TWO CHILDREN AND NURSE.

other philanthropic institutions or individuals.

The course of training covers a period of one year, and during this time each student serves an apprenticeship of a few months in the nurseries, in the laundry, in the kindergarten, in the kitchen, and in the needle-room; in addition, they attend lectures on mothercraft, elementary hygiene and physiology, and domestic economy. They also gain very useful experience in the Welfare Centre in Marylebone, which until recently was in my own charge, but which has now passed into the able hands of my old pupil, Dr. Dunlop.

We have recently appointed a new matron and a new staff, and are making great efforts to make every department of our work first class of its kind and thoroughly up to date. We try to make the training as little like that of a hospital as possible, and as much like that of a well conducted private nursery as is compatible with the conditions. The pervading atmosphere of the place is robustious health. We relegate the thermometer and the medicine bottle, as far as possible, to the background: we worship at the shrine of the sun, the open window, and physical culture. For the sake of giving as varied an experience to our girls as is open to us under the circumstances, we do not confine our admission to healthy children only; a large proportion of our inmates are what one of our girls described as "malnourished babies"; others are children who require to be broken of bad habits—toddlers who sleep badly, have uncontrollable tempers, who refuse their food or suffer from night terrors and other phobias: in fact, who suffer from any of those many troublesome conditions which are found particularly in spoiled and solitary children. It is quite astonishing how quickly these troubles succumb to the mass influence of a number of normal and healthy children, and how quickly symptoms of malnutrition disappear under the carefully regulated dietetic and hygienic regime which prevails in the Home.

The psychological study of these children and their character development affords me, personally, an enormous amount of pleasure; and I have learned a great deal since I have had opportunities of watching the results of kindly and regular discipline on the often wayward, disobedient and irritable temperaments of children sent to us for treatment.

We make a special feature of the training of infants in regular and cleanly habits; no infant is too young to begin to learn strict obedience and the useful habit of sleeping the "clock round."

Although, as I have already said, we try to make our training as little hospital-like as possible, we are hoping shortly to make arrangements with the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, for some of our most promising students, at the completion of their training at Wellgarth Road, to go to this institution for a short course of three months.

And now a few words about the building itself: some idea of this may be gathered from an examination of the accompanying illustrations.

The architects, Messrs. Lovegrove and Papworth, succeeded most admirably in carrying out the general ideas of the Committee of Management, which were to combine a maximum of open air and isolation at a minimum of cost. From an artistic point of view it would be difficult to find a better building. The house has three storeys, and along the whole length of the ground and first floors there extend two long galleries or verandas, on to which open, on the ground floor, the students' dining-room,

their common room, the children's kindergarten, and the matron's and warden's offices. A view of the lower gallery is given in Fig. 3. It is used in wet weather for the parking of the prams and for the toddlers to play in under conditions of protection. On the ground floor at the back, facing north on to Wellgarth Road, are the kitchens, offices and passages. The gallery on the first floor is of quite unique design, as may be seen from an examination of Figs. 2 and 4. It is about six feet wide and protected in front by hinged folding windows, which, when drawn back, lie flush against the walls of the intersecting columns, so as not to interfere with the view or the entrance of air. To prevent accidents there is a 4ft. parapet of brickwork. On to this gallery open the series of nurseries, each room complete in itself and capable of accommodating two to four children, with their nurses. The front of each of these nurseries is formed of collapsible glazed framing, which, like that of the veranda, folds back flush against the walls and runs easily on iron rails let into the jointless composition floors and the ceiling above. Each nursery is therefore practically open on one side and looks out to the sunny south on our own delightful garden and open fields beyond.

Except in very cold weather or when the children are being bathed or dressed, the services of these folding panels are not called into requisition. Besides these open nurseries there are a number of little wardlets, in which the young babies can be kept in complete isolation (see Figs. 5 and 7.) In all we have twelve nurseries, which can accommodate twenty-four infants and toddlers up to five years of age.

There is no central heating, but there is an ample supply of hot water for the lavatories, the baths, and the pantries. Each room has its own open fireplace, which is attended to by the nurses themselves, who are further required to sweep out and keep clean their own rooms without outside assistance; for, as I have already indicated, it is a servantless establishment,

but in other respects like the homes in which the girls will ultimately take service.

Our aim is to send out our nurses suitably trained to take complete charge of the children and nurseries of middle and upper-class families. We do everything we can to discourage "frills" and "airs and graces."

The top floor is occupied by two long dormitories, in which sleep all students not engaged in actual nursery work. These dormitories are so hygienically ventilated that in winter I have often described them as our cold storage; indeed, they are well designed for insuring the utmost hardiness of our girls. In addition to the dormitories there are some eight or nine separate cubicles for the staff and senior students. On this floor also we have an isolation suite as well as bathrooms, lavatories, and separate rooms for nursing mothers with their babies. In the basement are the laundries, the coal cellars, and the furnace room.

Now as to the results. We turn out between thirty and forty fully trained nurses every year, and for these there is great competition for junior posts either in families or in institutions. On the whole, we get very excellent accounts of these girls from their employers, and few are the endorsements we find it necessary to make on their certificates, which have to be returned for signature at the end of each year.

As to the babies and toddlers, our success can be measured by the fact that during the twelve years we have been in existence we have only had to record three deaths, and we have never yet had to dismiss a difficult case without a complete cure, and this in spite of the fact that many of them have been cases of severe malnutrition; so far we have had no epidemics, although we have had one or two sporadic cases of measles and chickenpox, a result which testifies to the efficiency of our system of isolation. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE who would care to inspect the establishment will be gladly shown over the building by the Secretary or Matron.

THE CLEEK OF YESTERDAY

"ONE OF THE MOST NECESSARY CLUBS."

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IT HAPPENED, a little while ago, to be wandering through the Playing Fields at Eton on a sunshiny day, when there was nobody about. As I came out of Weston's Yard along the road bordering College Field, I looked across at the tree which is the goal in "Bad Calx" in the Wall Game and was suddenly and vividly reminded of a little golfing incident of the past. I used sometimes to go out and practise cleek shots in that field: I would tee my ball by the tree, and my best shots would send it rattling against the railings that divide the grass from the road. Carry the railings I could not. It looks a very short distance now—no more than a full mashie shot, but those were the days of the unyielding guttie. It may, I suppose, be 150yds. or so. One day I hit the best cleek shot I had ever hit in my life; the ball carried the railings and pitched on the road; or, rather, it did not pitch on the road, but on the toe of an old gentleman who was walking along it; I rather think it must have hurt him. No doubt I ought to have rushed to enquire, but what I actually did was to take cover behind the tree. The old gentleman looked up to heaven and down again to his toe and all around him. There was apparently no possible place from which the missile could have come. It could have been thrown from no window: the Playing Fields lay utterly silent and deserted in the sunshine. Even as I hid behind my tree I thought of the scene at the beginning of "The Black Arrow," where the arrow comes out of the silent greenwood and strikes down old Appleyard. At length the old gentleman gave it up as an insoluble mystery and limped painfully away, giving my ball an angry kick. I still think that it was forgiving of him not to pocket it. Only when he had disappeared over Sheep's Bridge did I cautiously emerge and retrieve it.

I cannot refrain from describing the scene because it came back to me so vividly and made me chuckle quite shamelessly in the remembrance. It also set me wondering: first, what had become of that cleek, which I used to love so dearly, and then, what had happened to cleeks in general. Where are the cleeks of yesteryear? Why do so few people play with a cleek nowadays? I do myself possess one, a beautiful old one that was given me by Jack Morris of Hoylake. I value it greatly for its own sake and the giver's, and yet, I am afraid I seldom play with it, and I see very few other people playing cleek shots. We often, to be sure, talk about cleeks, but generally with some qualifying adjective. There is the putting cleek, for instance, of all sorts of patterns and all varieties of crooked neck; and there is a club called an approaching cleek, which seems to me to be a narrow-bladed iron with a lump of metal on the back. Then there is the "push cleek" which Mr. de Montmorency has made famous, with its upright lie and its short shaft—an admirable club in its way. But where is the old driving cleek, and where are the people who take a fine, full, driving swing with it?

Harry Vardon plays beautiful full cleek shots now and then, and so does Braid. Mr. Ball was a great cleek player in his day, and I have no doubt can be so still when he has a mind to it; but, generally speaking, that glorious slash with a cleek seems to me to be a dying shot. We see few driving cleeks in the clubmakers' shops; and as to the driving mashie, which was at one time very popular as an alternative, I do not remember to have lately seen one at all.

I can think of various possible reasons for this state of affairs. One is, I suppose, the modern ball, which some people think the root of all evil. It will go so far off the wooden clubs that the long shots necessary to be played through the green are much fewer than they used to be. Again, it will travel so far against or through a wind, even when it is hit high in the air, that there is often no vital necessity to keep it down, and the high long shot can be played with an iron. Again, I fancy that driving irons are made more powerful than they once were. We see many clubs called by their owners "irons" which have a strong family resemblance to cleeks. Finally, there is the cult of the spoon. The spoon cannot do everything that a cleek does, but, on the other hand, it can certainly do some things better. It is, for example, much easier to cut the ball up into a wind blowing from the right with a spoon. That is a shot desperately hard to play with any strong iron club, which has always a tendency to hook. And in a general way the spoon is an easier club for the average player to use. Its lofted face beams encouragement, whereas the cleek looks, I always think, a little discouraging, as if it said, "You will top with me if you don't take care."

I am afraid it must be said against the cleek that it is, if not positively a treacherous club, at any rate a very capricious one. One used to have bouts of playing like an angel with it, and then it would suddenly and absolutely let one down. This used to happen, moreover, not merely to the man in the street, but to champions and really eminent persons, who were almost incapable of "going off" hopelessly with any other club. Their cleek play would leave them for a season, and they had to fill up the gap in their armoury of clubs as best they could. They filled it with stumpy-headed spoons called "Pug" or "Toby" or "Bulldog," and in the end abandoned their cleeks. The curious thing is that a cleek was often the stand-by and faithful friend of the beginner. His driving education was generally begun with a cleek, and he would learn to play very steadily with it. So soon, however, as he took to wooden clubs his cleek play went off. I can only think that the cleek is a feminine and jealous club that withdraws her favours as soon as she thinks she has a rival. The cleek head, too, very much resents a new shaft. I remember once to have had a driving mashie with which I really did play rather well. At length the shaft had to

be superannuated; thereupon, whatever new shafts I tried, the head sulked and was useless to me, so that I date my allegiance to a spoon from that time.

Despite the cleek's vagaries, I believe many of us are wrong not to persevere with it. "There is a tendency," says James Braid, "to discard the cleek altogether, and the excuse is made that its employment is not necessary to a good game. This is wrong. For anything approaching to a perfect game of golf

the cleek is quite one of the most necessary clubs, for there are shots to be done with it that are not within the capability of any other." That is impressive testimony, and certainly there used to be some shots against the wind with a cleek that, when we *did* bring them off, were almost divine. Neither the spoon nor the iron could have played them. I hereby make a good resolution to take that old cleek of mine away with me for a holiday.

A UNIQUE RECORD



THE WILLOW WARBLERS TOGETHER FED THE YOUNG.



THE WREN ARRIVED NOT LONG AFTERWARDS.

THE bird-photographer spends many interesting days watching and recording scenes at the nests of his shy sitters; but, fascinating as this work is, it is only on rare occasions that he is able to chronicle some unique event such as is related below.

My friends and I had this year set up our "hide" by the nest of a willow warbler and, as this nest contained quite young birds, we did not trouble to start work at once.

A few days later, on my arriving at the nest with one of the party, a small bird flew away. It looked very much like a wren to me, and I remarked to my companion that it appeared to have flown from the nest of the willow warbler.

However, on examining the nest from the front, the young willow warblers were quite visible and happy, so there was no doubt, as far as we could see, that a mistake had been made. My companion now entered the hide, and when the camera

was set up ready for photographic work I left him safely hidden about four feet from the nest.

I did not return to him for about an hour. When I did so and enquired how he had got on, he replied in a voice shaking with excitement. He had discovered that in the nest was a mixed brood of willow warblers and common wrens. He had even gone further than this, for he had obtained photographs of one of the willow warblers and one of the wrens together at the nest. This was indeed exciting news and, as far as we were aware, unique in the annals of natural history. We now changed places, and I went into the hide to continue observations and record photographically what I could.

I had not been in long when the willow warblers returned together and both fed the young. Keeping a sharp look-out on the nest, I now saw a baby wren appear at the entrance. He was resting on the backs of the rightful owners, which every



THE WILLOW WARBLER THINKING OUT A PLAN—



—IS SOON JOINED BY HIS MATE—



—WHO ENTERS THE NEST AND TRIES TO DISLODGE THE YOUNG WRENS.



ONE OF THE YOUNG WRENS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEST, AND THE WILLOW WARBLER JUST ABOUT TO PUSH HER HEAD UNDER HIM.

now and then heaved him up and nearly overboard in their efforts to relieve themselves of his weight. This young wren was, as far as I could see, fully fledged, and he maintained his position at the entrance, getting all the food brought by the willow warblers. I thought at the time that he was the only lodger, but later on I found that there were at least four others in this fragile structure, in addition to the brood of willow warblers. From time to time the adult wren appeared and fed her own young, paying no attention to the young willow warblers.

The willow warblers, however, fed both broods without distinction. But it was soon evident that the adult willow warblers resented the presence of their lodgers and, both alighting at the nest together, they apparently held a consultation as to what had better be done. After a short time the female entered the nest, leaving only her tail protruding, and a great commotion appeared to me to be going on inside, as the nest was violently shaken from time to time. I could only guess that the owner was trying to remove by forcible means one of her lodgers. The struggle went on for some three or four minutes, when the female again emerged and joined her mate, which had remained waiting on a twig outside the nest watching the struggle. No success having rewarded her efforts to remove the young wrens, the willow warblers again appeared to think the matter out, sitting side by side in front of the nest. Neither of them thought of flying away. It was during a pause in the operations that one of the young wrens thought it a good moment to obtain some fresh air after the recent rough treatment he had received, and his funny little face appeared in the opening of the nest, as he stood once more on the backs of the baby willow warblers inside—monarch of all he surveyed. This insult was too much for the mother willow warbler's dignity, so thrusting her head right between the legs of the baby wren, she tried to throw him out over her back. This part of the struggle was very funny to watch: the baby wren holding tightly on to the nest and the willow warbler pushing upwards and backwards with all her strength. In the end, however, the youngster won, and once more the rightful owner of the nest was unsuccessful and withdrew herself.

The male willow warbler still remained by her side watching the struggle, but not helping in any way. Now both adult

birds flew away and, immediately they had gone, out jumped the little wren on to their perch and started to preen his ruffled plumage. He was quite unconcerned and looked round for one of the food bringers to attend to his appetite. As none of them appeared, he turned round and once more entered the nest.

And so the life of this mixed brood went on, and many photographs were obtained showing different scenes. The young wrens, which were the lodgers, left the nest first, and it was not till some three days later that the young willow warblers went.

I do not think that the eggs of both species were laid and hatched in the same nest. It is my opinion that the young wrens had left their own home elsewhere, and had turned in to this nest as a comfortable and convenient lodging. This, of course, one cannot be sure about, but it is known that young wrens will sleep in deserted nests of other species.

The photographs here reproduced are, as far as I am aware, the only record of a mixed brood of willow warblers and common wrens being brought up and fed in the nest of the former species.

A. M. C. NICHOLL.



THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH. ONE OF THE YOUNG WRENS HOPPED OUT OF THE NEST AND SAT BESIDE THE WILLOW WARBLER.



THE contiguous parishes of Thrumpton, Gotham and Bunney repose among the meadows of the Trent. Even without the celebrity of Gotham their very names import the richest brew, the quintessence of rusticity. For Gotham, as every child can tell you, was the *provenance* of the three wise men who—

Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song would have been longer.

Nor is this a bubble reputation, seeing that Gotham has been renowned for the whimsical idiocy of its inhabitants these eight hundred years and a bit over. For any mediæval jape that rehearsed a foolish action in the guise of a wise one—a form of humour that was appreciated at least till Tarleton's day—was fathered on the wise men, or fools, of Gotham.

That the next villages bear names no less suggestive to the ear is eminently satisfactory. Bunney implies a volume. While Thrumpton, to the stranger, has a warm, pulsing sound like the mowing of hay among elm trees. And, to be sure, after wandering along the Trent where it meanders through the hay fields, you do come to Thrumpton Hall, very quiet and shady among trees, its red brick walls reflected in a glassy backwater of the river lying even beneath its doors. The neighbourhood breathes a quiet content which fostered the reputation of neighbouring Gotham, just as the Gotham school of thought harmonises with the happy remoteness of Thrumpton.

In old times many turned aside out of their way to pass through Thrumpton or Bunney to Gotham, to see the surprising sights of that village; the cuckoo bush which the villagers hedged about that a cuckoo singing in it might not escape; the barn upon the roof of which the villagers drew up a wain to shade a neighbouring wood; the boiling stream into which they threw their meal to make hasty-porridge; the pool where the men of Gotham threw their red herrings and sprats to breed against next Lent—which coming, they found only a great eel, so that in anger against the eel for eating all their fish they threw it into another pond to drown. Or some might content themselves, as they walked up Nottingham Hill above the bridge, to tell the tale of the man of Gotham who was coming down the hill to Nottingham Market with cheeses in his wallet, one of which fell out and ran down the hill. Whereupon the man swore an oath and cried, "What! can you run to the market alone? I will now send one after the other." So, laying down the wallet and taking out the cheeses, he tumbled them down the hill one after the other, and some ran into one bush, and some into another, so at last he said: "I do charge you to meet me in the market place." But when he came to the market to meet the cheeses and found them not, he enquired of his neighbours if they did see his cheeses come to market. "Why, who should bring them?" asked one of the men. "Marry! themselves," said the fellow, "they knew the way well enough," said he. "And I am persuaded that they are



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1.—DUN RUSHES, WILLOW HERB AND RED BRICK WALLS.
The Entrance Front.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



2.—ON A BACKWATER AMONG THE MEADOWS OF THE TRENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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3.—THE GARDEN FRONT.

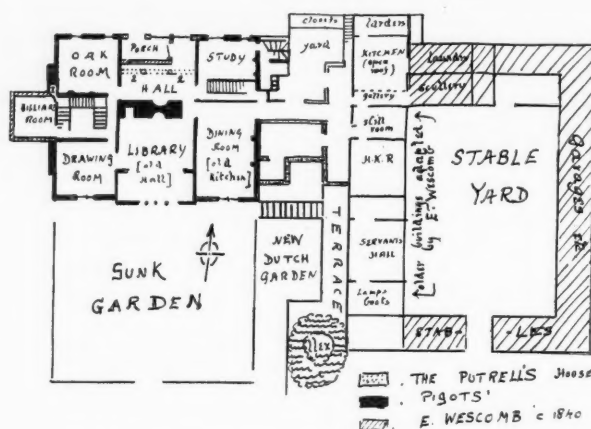
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Recently the slope to the terrace has been removed to show its brick wall, and a Dutch garden contrived at its foot

at this time almost as far as York." So he immediately took horse and rode after them to York: but to this day no word has been heard of the cheeses.

So many tales of this order were current concerning Gotham that as early as the first half of the sixteenth century a collection of them was made in a book, attributed by some to Merry Andrew himself—who was Doctor Andrew Boorde, tutor of Edward VI.

Their origin, however, seems to be contemporary with the tales of Robin Hood, who lived in the forest just beyond Nottingham, though traces of them are found as having formerly applied to the rustics of Norfolk. And it was the same wicked prince as opposed Robin Hood, who was responsible for turning Gotham daft. For the story goes that Prince John, intending to pass on his way to Nottingham Castle over Gotham meadows, of which the villagers were not a little proud, they apprehended that the ground over which the regent passed would ever more become a public way. Therefore, when the Prince sent his messengers to prepare his way, the villagers determined to simulate madness, and so frightened the Prince away.



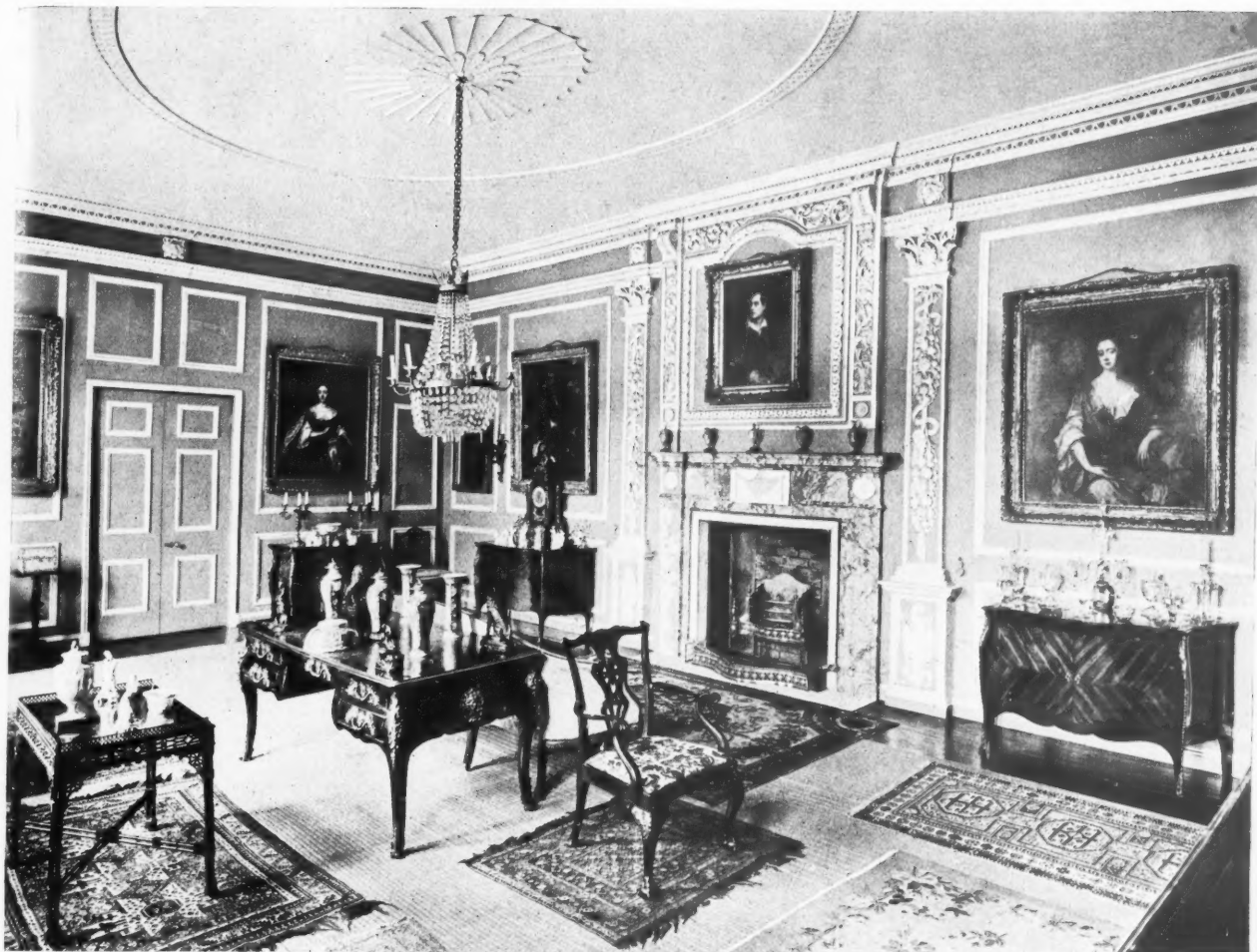
PLAN.—(1) Secret stair (2-2) The old north loggia.



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4.—THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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5.—THE SALOON. Circa 1660.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

With Adam ceiling and chimneypiece medallions, and Philip's portrait of Lord Byron, the poet.



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6.—THE OAK ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Another unusual example of mid-sixteenth century work.

We need not say that the inhabitants of Gotham, Thrumpton and Bunney are to-day as wise—so Throsby, the historian, was convinced—as any of their neighbours. The only fault he had to find with the district was the roads—some of the worst he had ever met with, and further complicated by an absence of "parsons," as in some parts of Nottinghamshire they used to call hand-posts or finger-boards.

As to Thrumpton itself, Throsby, who, late in the eighteenth century, brought Thoroton's history, written in Charles II's time, up to date, gives some information, though as the roads had delayed him till dusk he had only time to make a sketch of the exterior and not to go inside. He remarked that the

The builder of Thrumpton was Gervase Pigot, who in 1608 purchased the place and is recorded to have made an estate for himself. Previous to that time it had for many centuries belonged to a family of Pontrells, Putrells or Pawdrells, who are mostly buried at Attenborough, the other side of the river. There are still descendants of the old stock living in the neighbourhood, a Pawdrell having died last year at Gotham. They held, however, to "the old profession," and were deeply involved in the Gunpowder Plot, and it is believed that Garnett, the Jesuit, was in hiding at Thrumpton. Certainly there is a secret staircase in the thickness of the chimney-breast leading from the oak room (Fig. 6) to the one above. This renders it probable that their

house extended over the whole area occupied by the present one, though only the portion shown in the plan remains. After Gunpowder Plot they were attainted and their property sold up by the State, Gervase Pigot being the purchaser.

His son, Gervase II, married one of the three great Rushcliffe heiresses, but contrived to run through both his father's and wife's fortunes in riotous living, and left his widow a bankrupt. There is a letter in existence from her saying how hopeless it is to struggle on any longer. The place got deeper and deeper mortgaged, till, in 1696, twenty-five years after Pigot's death, John Emmerton of the Middle Temple foreclosed and entered into possession of Thrumpton.

Gervase II, however, seems not to have been wholly bad. Thoroton, the historian of the county, had in him, if not a friend and patron, at least a profitable patient, and eulogises him to the skies. "He was," he tells us, "a person of great parts, and when, in 1669, he was made High Sheriff, he was in mourning for his daughter, wife of Sir Robert Burdet of Foremark. His men, therefore, had black liveries, with small silver trimmings, which well fitted them for their last attendance to his Vault, on the north side of the Chancel at Thrumpton, which happened shortly after the

summer assizes of 1669. His sobriety, ingenuity, generosity, piety and other virtues, few of his rank will ever exceed, if any equal."

This Gervase, beneath whose hospitable roof it is probable that Thoroton agreed to undertake his county history, in the presence of Morant, who embarked on that of Essex, carried out a thorough decoration of the interior, necessarily before 1669. His father had built the shell in the manner of the early seventeenth century, with curious curving gables and loggias between the wings on either side, of which only the southern one remains.

Gervase's chief work was the great staircase. The present library was then the dining-hall, with the kitchen at its west



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7.—THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house preserved much of its old form, but thought it somewhat small, though was informed it had internal elegance and convenience and had recently been considerably improved.

For the main body of the house was built during the early years of the seventeenth century at a time when the functions of the mediæval great hall was being divided between an entrance hall and a dining-room. It is not, therefore, surprising to find in the plan several features to which the Thorpe drawings have accustomed us—the H plan, with the waist composed of two equal-sized rooms, one facing each way, an entrance hall and a dining-room.

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ed (now the dining-room), and the "little hall," as it is called on old plans, at the western end, now used as a drawing-room. The present front hall (Fig. 4), containing the panelling from the old hall, was then a loggia similar to that on the south front. The staircase is exceptionally fine, reaching the full height of the house and originally down to the cellars as well. For all its course it is most admirably carved in the fashion of that time, with pierced and moulded panels, sculptured newels and terminal vases of fruit. At intervals the arms of Pigot are displayed upon the breast of a double-headed eagle—a bend engrailed between six martlets. Though by no means rare, such staircases as this are very uncommonly fitted so compactly into so small a square, or rise to such a height. The former consideration renders the *coup d'œil* exceptionally pleasing, a harmony of inclined planes, richly fretted and punctuated by flowery vases at frequent but differing heights. The first-floor landing, too, necessitated some originality of treatment, as the space exigencies required a flight of steps to rise parallel to the landing. As can be seen in Fig. 9, however, the difficulty was most happily surmounted, not a little to the increased richness of the general appearance.

On this landing, but not exactly facing the head of the stairs, is the doorway (Fig. 10) to the saloon. The door case is massively designed, and bears strong resemblance to the kind designed by John Webb at Thorpe, near Peterborough. The saloon, running the length of the centre part of the house on the southern side, is a mixture of Carolean and Adamesque work, most unusual.

The wooden panelling, the cornice and frieze, the richly modelled pilasters flanking the chimneypiece and the local marble chimneypiece itself are all Gervase Pigot's. The ceiling and the medallions on the chimneypiece, however, are of late eighteenth century application. This is a remarkably early example of mid-seventeenth century work in a manner more familiar a century later. The chimneypiece itself shows how Inigo Jones' influence spread even to remote parts of the Midlands. Over it can be seen the original and beautiful picture of Lord Byron, the poet, by Philips. The oak room (Fig. 6) is also panelled in a most strict Palladian style, very unusual at that time, though the fine classic details are also to be found at Thorpe Hall. The chimneypiece—a moulded mantelshelf supporting a curved and broken pediment—is in a more native and usual style, but still of admirable design. As upstairs, the chimneypiece—which has a late insertion round the grate—is flanked by pilasters with capitals astonishingly like those late-classic ones used by Nash, Chambers and Holland. The bay-wreathed frieze is properly Carolean, but some of the less conspicuous mouldings are unusual at so early a date so



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8.—PIERCED PANELS AND URN FINIALS

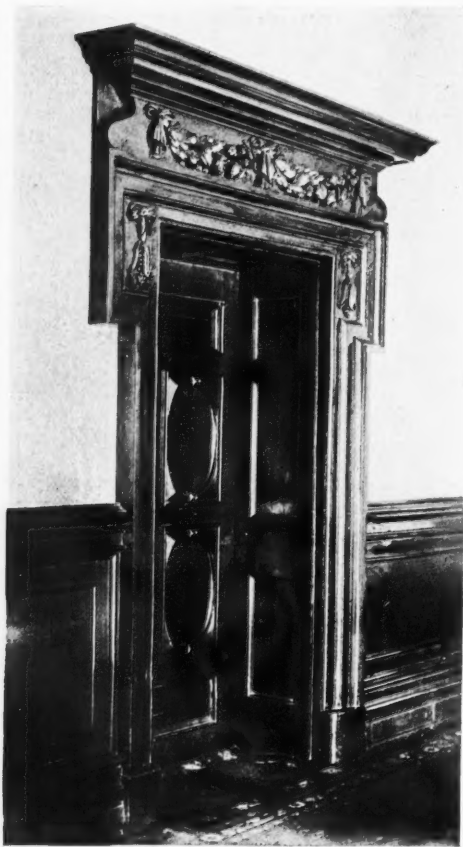
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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9.—LOOKING TO THE FIRST-FLOOR LANDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



10.—THE DOORWAY TO THE SALOON.

far from London. There were few men, so far as we know, who could have designed such exceptional work, and they were John Webb, Hugh May or Sir Roger Pratt, leaving Wren out of consideration. The work is not reminiscent of any of May's work, either at Cassiobury or Eltham, while it bears a strong resemblance to Webb's versions of Inigo Jones' decorations. Gervase Pigot we have already pointed out to have been an exceptionally cultivated man, on the testimony of Thoroton, a contemporary, and there is no reason why Webb should not have furnished the designs for his alterations during the first decade after the Restoration.

John Emmerton, who entered into possession of Thrumpton in 1696, had married a Miss Wescomb, and his children all dying before him, he left the house to his wife's nephew, who took his uncle's name and lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1827. These two collected much of the excellent period furniture to be seen in most of the rooms, of which the merits do not need to be pointed out. He was again succeeded by a nephew, Emmerton Wescomb, who was a very remarkable man and Corinthian in his day, living also in London and Paris, whence he brought home many *objets d'art* and books. To him we owe the "Gothic" window frames and a great deal of remodelling and rebuilding in all parts of the house. For instance, he threw forward a front hall before the old north loggia, necessarily in the space of eight years, between 1827 and about 1835, when he died suddenly and his property was divided among three nieces. The eldest, who in 1843 married the eighth Lord Byron, took Thrumpton; the second, who married a younger brother of that Lord Byron, inherited Wescomb's estate near Maldon; and the third, Lady F. Fitzroy, received outlying properties and securities. The late Lady Byron of Thrumpton, who lived till 1913, was a great lady in the neighbourhood, and thus reigned here during seventy years, where her strong will and wit are yet remembered with delight.

Lord Byron, the present possessor, is the eldest surviving son of old Lady Byron's second sister, who received the Essex lands. Thus, most of the old Westcomb and Pigot estate is reunited. Quite recently some extensive alterations have been made in the gardens, much to their improvement. Since our photographs were taken the sunk garden before the south front has been surrounded by a low wall, and the bank which sloped up to the terrace beyond has been wholly removed and converted into a Dutch garden infinitely more in keeping with the buildings. Further along, this terrace has been brought forward round a great ilex tree growing there, as was probably intended in the original lay-out. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

"MY LORDE CARDINALL'S LODGYNGES" AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

THE decision of the King to open to the inspection of all his subjects the interesting rooms at Hampton Court known as "My Lorde Cardinall's Lodgynges" will bring peculiar pleasure to those who cherish all survivals of our country's historic past, and especially those belonging to the more romantic and picturesque epoch of the Tudors. There is an attractive and home-like intimacy about the remains of those days which is entirely wanting in the stately, pompous edifices, with their gorgeous and extravagant decorative embellishments, of the formal, artificial, "classical" eighteenth century. And the comparative rarity of Tudor work adds much to its value for us. It is the difference between, say, Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and Addison's "Cato"; between the "Faerie Queene" and the "Essay on Man"; between the joyous pageantry of the Tudors and the dull, stiff Court life of the early Georges. Therefore, the smallest fragment of Henry VIII's epoch awakens in us emotions which whole roomfuls of Renaissance work could never stir. And the rooms now to be opened are by no means a mere fragment, but most valuable additions to the surviving interior arrangements and decorations of Wolsey's and Henry's palace, of which all too few remain to us.

That these rooms should have lost their identity for more than two hundred years, and should, only now, 400 years after the Cardinal built and lived in them, be appreciated on account of their associations with him and the glimpses they afford of the life of his time, is both interesting and remarkable. It is now just forty-one years ago since they

were, as one might say, discovered—having, since Charles II's time, when they were still called "My Lorde Cardinall's Lodgynges," lost their name and the tradition of their original use and purpose. This was, doubtless, due to the mischief wrought in them by Wren, under the orders of William of Orange, when the old doorways and fireplaces were bricked up, parts of the ceilings and all the friezes dragged down, and the panelling covered up with battening, canvassed and papered.

The walls of the first room, which we may call for convenience the ante-room, are covered from floor to ceiling with a



EXTERIOR OF WOLSEY'S ROOM: FROM ABOVE THE POND GARDEN.

somewhat rare pattern of linenfold—if it may be given that name—flatter than is the more usual type of panel, such as readers of COUNTRY LIFE saw a week or two ago in illustrations of Paycocke's in Essex, and such as the type to be seen in the beautiful "Abbot's Parlour" at Thame Park. Of that same pattern, indeed, a fine example is to be seen in this very room, in the partition which cuts it in two, brought from elsewhere in the palace and put up in William III's time.

As to the panels on the wall, it has been suggested that the treatment of the ends, top and bottom, of the innermost folds was meant for the "crucigere" orb of the arms of the See of York. Close scrutiny, however, dispels this idea. The resemblance, if any, is quite accidental.

Although this panelling may have been put up here after Wolsey's fall, it is more likely to be the original decoration of the room. But the frieze which surmounted it, and the original ceiling, are wanting. There are good reasons for believing that the doorway behind the panelling—by which the public enter the Wolsey rooms from the King's Guard Chamber, and of which a peep is seen in one of the views here reproduced—is the very doorway through which he was



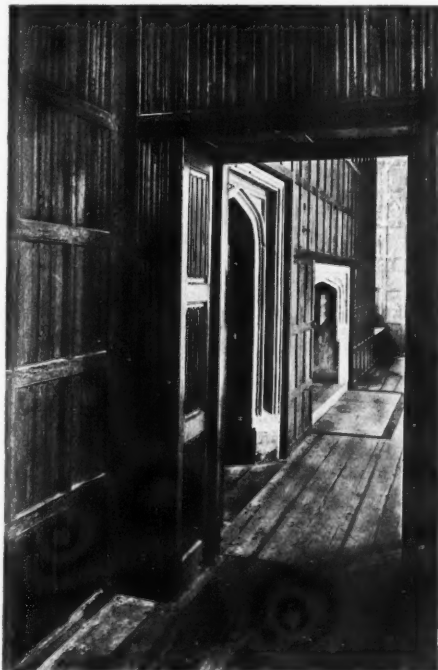
CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

over with two centuries of coatings of lime, is most beautiful—simple in design and without any of those extravagancies of bosses and pendants that characterise the latter Tudor taste. It is constructed of wooden ribs, with gesso ornamentation, and their intersections marked by small bosses of turned wood; while the plaques at the hexagonal radiating points are of a sort of *papier mâché*, called in the cardinal's building accounts "mouldyd worke." In this room also, unfortunately, the original frieze is missing.

This "Privy Chamber," to give it its likely name, should have special interest for all those who study the annals of that period; for it seems highly probable that it was here that Wolsey conferred, on March 26th, 1527, with the French envoys who came from Francis to negotiate a treaty of perpetual alliance between England and France. After dining with the cardinal they went upstairs to Catherine of Aragon's chamber to be presented to her and King Henry. On the Queen's retiring with her ladies, they came down to Wolsey's private rooms to continue the discussion. The upshot was "The Treaty of Hampton Court," one of the chief clauses of which was a contract of marriage between the French King and Henry's daughter, the little Princess Mary, then only ten years old. This was intended to set the seal on Wolsey's policy of perpetual peace in Europe, through the alliance between England and France.

The third room of the Wolsey private suite—there are others, but they are not worth opening, having lost nearly all their Tudor decorations—is the largest of them all; but the panelling has all disappeared, and half the fine ceiling, though what remains of it is highly interesting. It is constructed in the same way as the one in the "Wolsey Privy Chamber," though of a different design; and it exhibits the cardinal's cognisances—the crossed keys, and pillars. Many more things in these old Tudor chambers only a visit can enable one completely to appreciate.

ERNEST LAW.



A PEEP INTO THE PRIVY CHAMBER.

went to issue forth from his private into his State rooms, as Cavendish, his biographer and gentleman-usher, records. "Apparelled all in red as a Cardinal, preceded by his poursuivants-at-arms with a great mace of silver gilt, and by his gentlemen-ushers calling out: 'On my Lords and Masters, on before! Make way for my Lord's Grace!'"

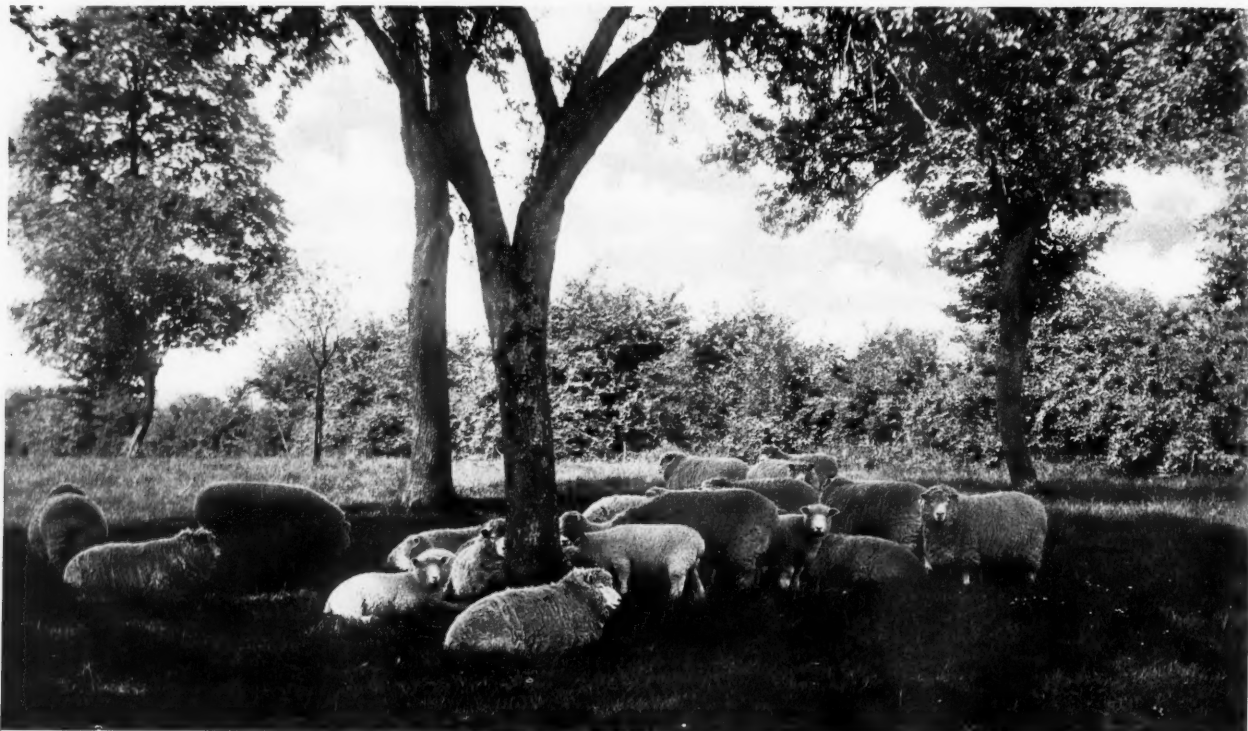
From this ante-room we pass into a finer and more interesting chamber in every way. It is probable that this was his "Privy Chamber," where he held private and intimate colloquies with foreign ambassadors and his various secretaries and secret agents. The panelling here is of a plain Tudor pattern, put up, most likely, subsequently to the cardinal's time; for his principal rooms were all hung with the choicest tapestries, while his more private ones were ablaze with splendid hangings of cloth of gold and of silver. Archaeologists will appreciate the original fireplace, with its backing of bricks laid herring-bone fashion—still black with the wood burnt in the grate more than two hundred years ago, when it was bricked up, and not reopened until 1914. The ceiling, though whitewashed



THE ANTE-ROOM.

THE RYELAND

ANCIENT BRITISH BREED NOW IN POPULAR FAVOUR.



EWES AND LAMBS AT REST IN THE SHADE.

DURING the last few years the tenant farmers, encouraged by the landed proprietors of the British Isles, have given more attention to sheep and pigs than to beef or dairy cattle. A study of the markets at home, and the demand from Colonial and foreign countries, have fully justified this step. It is strange how the national and international trade in pedigree and ordinary commercial stock runs round in cycles. To-day the sheep and the pig stand out pre-eminent. There must be some reason for this. I put it down to the rates of exchange and the universal stringency in money. It costs less to speculate in the less sized and smaller eating quadruped animal, and the value of their excrement to the land and offals cannot be questioned. Yes; sheep and pigs in farming economics and public consumption are destined to play an important part for years to come. In pedigree matters these small Isles hold an unrivalled position as the livestock nursery of the world. The leading pedigree men are real constructionists in the animal kingdom. They keep a watchful eye on character, build and style with earlier maturing quality. The aim of to-day is to bring out the finished product in the quickest possible time and at the least possible cost, which means a prompt turnover of money in conformity with essential requirements. It is not my business, within the scope of this article, to generalise further. I am deputed to write about Ryeland sheep, an ancient British breed with records tracing well back into the thirteenth century. The Ryeland—I can imagine many small farmers in outlandish places, and who are not in the habit of visiting the great national shows of the country, saying: "What is a Ryeland?" I will tell them.

It is a medium sized square-blocky sort of sheep, white-faced, handsome in appearance, furnishing weights of joints which meet with the favour of the multitude: saddle, leg, shoulder or chop. They must not be big or coarse, little or unsatisfying. What is required is nicely fleshed, nutritious meat which will liberally respond to the knife and with a smack about it. Such is the delight of the epicure and the joy of every household. But, apart from all important feeding propensities, farmers nowadays are specialising in wool, and Ryeland wool is second to none in the production of choice fabrics, notably in the hosiery line. You get a magnificent dense fine fleece of high-class wool, deep in staple and thickly set on the skin, firm to handle, with lustre and character of exceptional merit. When you have the combination of the best meat and wool, no wonder the land-owning and tenant-farming flockmasters of this country and the world are going in for the Ryeland. Some of my readers may say, with justification: "You assert that the Ryeland is an old breed. How is it that it does not head the sheep breeds in point of numbers?" The answer is easily given. The Ryeland has been the most neglected of all the old breeds in propaganda work, but that is not the case to-day. At the Bath and West Swansea Show, and the Three Counties (Herefordshire, Worcester-



A TRIPLET OF RYELAND EWES.
George III's "True Hereford Ryeland Sheep."

shire and Gloucestershire) Show recently held, the Ryeland was at the top of all breeds, fourteen in the first case and six in the latter, while they also figured prominently at the Southampton Royal Counties, and Shrewsbury, Shropshire and West Midland Shows, and will appear to advantage at the Newcastle Royal, the Welshpool Royal Welsh National, and the Kent and Sussex Shows. No less a number than 113 Ryelands were exhibited at

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Milvern, which is a record in their long history, except the annual shows and sales held in August at Hereford under the auspices of the Ryeland Flock Book Society, which controls the breed and has its headquarters in that old-world town. This gives evidence of the exhibiting spirit of the members, who know they have a good sheep but are anxious for the public to see them in the flesh and do not depend entirely upon the letterpress and photographs of such valuable papers as COUNTRY LIFE.

Ryeland sheep, unlike other sheep, have two societies to look after commercial interests—the Ryeland Flock Book Society, Limited, to propagate and spread the breed, and the Ryeland Wool Growers, Limited, to advance the marketable properties of the wool. These institutions are separately managed and are distinct from one another. One wonders which is doing the best work for the sheep. Both are wonderfully energetic and enterprising, and now there is talk of flockmasters associated with other English breeds starting similar combinations for the more effective sale of their wool. The idea will certainly extend with respect to the better class wool of distinctive breeds. Ryeland breeders have set the fashion. It is a step in the right direction, for the wool is put on the market by the growers themselves in a properly graded and most attractive form. Too long have they been content to rely upon the tender mercies of local wool buyers, who invariably pay district rates for all kinds of wool and have reaped the harvest of essential grading.

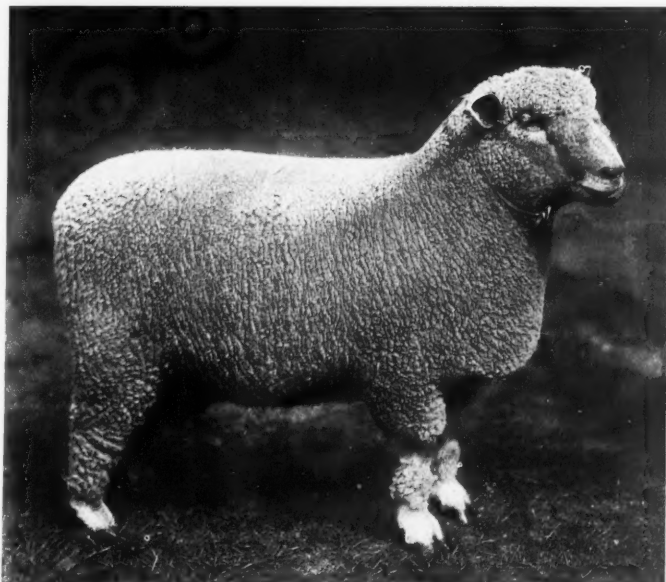
Reverting back to the Ryeland sheep characteristics, their original home is Herefordshire, but they are now spread over twenty-five English, Welsh and Scottish counties, stretching from Roxburghshire in Scotland to Sussex on the south-east

as "Worcesters." Until last year Ryeland wool was sold as Shropshire, but now Ryeland is publicly quoted, and the Shropshire men have to depend upon their own produce. Why Ryeland wool has not been sold as a separate commodity at the big markets for years past baffles comprehension. The wool experts of Bradford and Leeds speak and write of it in the highest estimation. Professor How states that the wool has been long regarded as the finest produced in the British Isles. Mr. S. B. Hollins of Bradford asserts: "What strikes me most of all is the general utility of the fleece, and for hosiery purposes it is certainly a first class article." The texture of the wool is fine and strong, averaging in length about 3½ ins. in ewes and 4½ ins. in hoggets. One great feature is freedom from any black wool—a great point with wool merchants. Mr. C. J. Adamson of the Textile Department of the Technical College, Bradford, writes: "I consider the Ryeland to be a very sound wool. It possesses a springiness and elasticity which makes it eminently suitable for hosiery purposes." The Leeds University, and one of the largest blanket manufacturing firms in England, viz., at Witney in Oxfordshire, are about to experiment with Ryeland wool. The interest of manufacturers in all parts has been thoroughly aroused.

Drayton, in his "Battle of Agincourt," where he blazons the several shires, says:

A golden fleece fair Hereford doth wear.

Ryelands excel for purity of blood, weight of fleece and fineness of wool, quality of flesh and character, freedom from footrot, fertility, and early maturity. Moreover, they are handsome to look upon. The poise of the head, the setting of the neck, the straightness of the lines of the body, the commanding



A TYPICAL RYELAND RAM LAMB.



A RYELAND RAM SOLD FOR 100 GUINEAS.

and Somerset on the south-west of England. That is a fairly big slice of the British Isles, but the future extension promises well to embrace most counties. Wherever the Ryeland goes, it does not lose character in conformation or wool. That is an important point to bear in mind. It thrives anywhere and everywhere.

King George III declared "the true Hereford Ryeland sheep are those I prefer." Sir Joseph Banks was this king's manager, and it was that eminent authority who said that the Ryeland deserved "a niche in the temple of fame" (not "fame," which would have been equally correct), implying that Ryelands prospered on the poorest land and scantiest fare, as well as making the most of the rich meadows and arable land. That reputation has been most worthily upheld throughout the ages. How came the name Ryeland? Youatt makes it plain in his book, published in 1837, where he states, with respect to Herefordshire sheep, "Its distinguished breed is the Ryeland, so called from a district in the southern part of the county (namely, the neighbourhood of Ross), on which a great quantity of rye used to be grown, and where many of these sheep were bred." Now "the Ryeland of Wyeland" has achieved world-wide fame. It has been extensively exported, especially to New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and South America. The Germans have just commenced to buy Ryeland rams for crossing purposes, no doubt being influenced by Ryeland wool purchases made on the London Wool Exchange last year. At the present moment the flockmasters of the United States of America, Japan, Russia and other foreign countries are asking for quotations for rams and ewes. Herefordshire grows far more hops than Worcestershire, yet all are sold on the hop exchanges

frontal appearance, as well as the wide square back end and the bone and strength of the legs, are all of the utmost importance, and the Ryeland responds to these things admirably. The following are the top figures made at the Ryeland Flock Book Society's August Show and sales for the last four years:

	Shearling ewes. Guineas.	Shearling rams. Guineas.	Ram lambs. Guineas.
1919	21	50	125
1920	38	50	160
1921	22½	55	51
1922	20	110	160

Each year there is an extraordinary demand for females, and besides the rams bought for pure-bred purposes, a large number are sold for crossing with any short-woolled sheep all over the country. This is for the getting of early fat lambs and the improvement in wool. During the last two years, at the fat stock shows of this country, including the Bingley Hall, Birmingham, and the London Smithfield, the Ryeland ram and Suffolk ewe cross exhibited by one man who farms at Wells, Norfolk, won £150 in prize money—twelve firsts, six seconds and four thirds. No other cross-bred can approach that record. Moreover, at the London Smithfield this cross was also reserve and second reserve champions, and many thought should have been champions. Fat wether lambs of the Ryeland breed won the silver cup for the best pen of Ryeland or Kerry Hill sheep, and Ryelands stood fifth in the championship of all breeds. No breed is more in the public eye to-day than the Ryeland.

HARVESTER.

THE OLD BALLAD CHARM

BELOW Kirknewton, where the waters of College and Beaumont join forces and, as the little Glen, trickle down a mile or two to join the Till, the river bed is a natural rock garden, at its best in July, and never was finer than in the July of this year. In the "wearifu' Sooth" even June's plenteous showers had not sufficed to keep in flower the wildings blooming here in magnificent profusion. Even the hardy gorse that ventures out in winter's bareness still was making a gallant though hopeless stand against the imperious command of an advancing season, but its follower, the wild broom—"O the broom, the yellow broom"—still was in its glory, over-matching even that of the brilliant stonecrop and wild mimulus that had formed islets—I had almost said continents—of colour. Yet the flower that dominated the landscape was none of these, but the foxglove; its spikes never were known to be taller, and each was clothed with the flowers one likes to imagine gloves, in spite of etymology. It always has flourished, and one hopes will continue to flourish, in the dry river channels, where it is watered by a thousand trickles of water, showing between stones here, sinking into sand there, that sustain vegetation when the mountain torrent of winter has dwindled during summer into a purling trout stream. Elsewhere it has performed a miracle of transposition. To arrive at the College it had been necessary to pass through some pit country where, before the war, unsightliness was concealed by plantations of conifers. These had, to a large extent, been turned into pit props under war pressure, and their green veil had been withdrawn from the ugly, though necessary, bareness of industry. It was not so in reality, because the foxgloves, that had disappeared under the close shadows of close-planted trees, when these were removed came dancing out again, swaying regiments of beauty.

From the beauty of wild flowers and running waters the transition to ballad poetry was natural. The quiet, tranquil scene, empty of human figures save those of two plump country lasses hoeing turnips in a neighbouring field, carried one backward by force of contrast. Over the country where the girls were at work Harry Hotspur galloped down to meet Douglas on Humbleton Hill. Only a few miles away stands a rude cross to mark the place where another Percy died with the comfort on his lips and in his heart, "I have saved the bird in my bosom." At the farmsteadings dotting hillside and glen you may still find the ruined masonry of peel-tower and cattle shelter.

Since the day when Sir Philip Sydney declared that reading "The Battle of Otterburn" stirred him as a trumpet, the love of ballad poetry has known more than one revival. In the late 17th century ballads attracted Addison and his contemporaries, the literary *habitués* of the coffee tavern. Time was coming when Bishop Percy would make his famous collection and attract the attention of his namesakes at Alnwick. He and others were preparing the way for Sir Walter Scott, to whose romantic mind, steeped as it was in Scottish history and Border lore, the ballad made an overwhelming appeal. He collated old ballads, wrote new, and was so prepossessed by his hobby that he lost power to distinguish between the genuine and the vamp. Worthy followers in his footsteps were the poets of the nineteenth century, especially those who were too great to be dubbed minor and not great enough to stand on the topmost rung of the ladder—Rossetti, Bell Scott and others of the pre-Raphaelites, Andrew Lang, Henley, Stevenson.

At their passing, ballad poetry began again to be neglected by a young and tuneful choir, who would fain have builded a new heaven and a new earth, but that they wanted what Henley called "the guts," in his brutal Anglo-Saxon. Now, as a literary paper of the day has recently stated, there is visibly a return to the old affection, or there would be, save for the fact that the ballad is not an imitative form of literature. For these reasons, the reader may be advised to consult the valuable *Oxford Book of Ballads*, edited by "Q." and published by the Oxford University Press. In the nature of things our ballad literature cannot increase. Although a few notes and emendations may still be admitted, the pages are closed to any additions.

Does anyone ask why? The main explanation is the most obvious. The essence of the romantic ballad is adventure, and, though the adventurous spirit will always be with us, the adventures of the aviator or the motorist differ from those who had to ride or sail. One need not labour so obvious an argument. It is, at least, more amusing to note how invariable are the formulae and ritual of the ballad-makers. They, for instance, had a command of folk-lore methods and loved to include in their work a conversation without any of the tiresome "he says" and "she says." A hundred illustrations could be cited, but for

a union of childish form and deadly hate take the ending of "The Cruel Brother":

XXII

'O lead me gently over yon stile,
For there would I sit and bleed awhile.

XXIII

'O lead me gently up yon hill,
For there would I sit and make my will.'

XXIV

'O what will you leave to your father dear?'—
'The milk-white steed that brought me here.'

XXV

'What will you leave to your mother dear?'—
'My wedding shift that I do wear.'

XXVI

'What will you leave to your sister Anne?'—
'My silken snood and my golden fan.'

XXVII

'What will you leave to your brother John?'—
With a hay ho! and a lily gay!
'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'
And the primrose spreads so sweetly.
Sing Annet, and Marret, and fair Maisrie,
And the dew hangs i' the wood, gay ladie!

It is still a habit to blame stepmothers, but in the ballads it happens just as often that the mother is the villain. How frequent is the cry:

O wae betide my ill mither
An ill death may she die!

And Lord Gregory, who says this, seals the bond in a manner conventional in ballads:

Then he's ta'en out a little dart
Hung low down by his gore,
He thrust it through and through his heart
And word spak never more.

Life was of even smaller account when the ballads were written than it was on the western front in the years 1916-17-18. Yet the reckless Border raider and the equally reckless soldier of Kitchener's Army could not use the same language, for they lived different lives and cherished widely different thoughts.

P. A. G.

Adventures at Golf, by H. M. Bateman. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

THERE may be a few unfortunate persons in the world who are not amused by Mr. Bateman, but he sets most of us giggling and tittering, and he is fully as delightful on the subject of golf as on any other. This is no mean achievement, for golfing jokes are, as a rule, poor jokes and have been so ever since those early days when the mere word "niblick" was considered absurd enough to be a joke in itself. Mr. Bateman can really draw a golf club, an art which few take the trouble to acquire, and he can draw a man using it. He can depict with true and subtle art the difference between the reckless and graceful freedom of the practice swing at a daisy and the more laboured effort which propels a ball. Moreover, he sees with a kindly and understanding eye all the vanities and miseries of the human golfer. Particularly engaging are those series of small pictures in which he tells the story of a stroke or a round. If we had to make a single choice there are two between which we should hesitate. One is the heartbreaking story of the medal round which begins so cheerfully with the domestic breakfast and ends, after the poor wife has waited with such happy expectations of triumph, in the return of the depressed golfer and a double suicide. The other depicts "the man you gave a game to," in which the gorgeous person with a large cigar, who condescended on the first tee, finds himself getting beaten by the humble little stranger. But to tell Mr. Bateman's stories for him is both dull and impertinent. He cannot be giggled over at a second hand.

Silhouette, by A. M. Allen. (Chapman and Dodd, 7s.)

THIS is a capital, witty book, in the nature of medicine for men and jam for women. Not that Miss Allen shows any undue tenderness towards silly women; what she admirably does is to show men some of the things that intelligent, educated, modern women may think of some of them. The result is a delightful entertainment for either man or woman capable of appreciating a book well written, humorous and shot through with that quality that so often goes with humour, the passionate love of beauty that is the sense of poetry. There are descriptions, vivid images of mountains, of dawns, that only the intense imagination of a poet could have evoked, but these are things not to be divorced from their context. Wit is a less imponderable essence than poetry, and here are samples of Miss Allen's: "She detested the attitude of some women, that a man was a sort of lovable baby about the house." "In matters of love Sir Ralph had progressed no further than the fantail pigeon. He desired to display himself once more before the elegant one whose plumage was at present preened for him and for all males, but which might sometime, he thought, be preened for him alone." "She was . . . a spot of interest inserted in the necessary masculine routine, like a bright dot in a Scotch tweed." "Modern men . . . are at the Jane Austen stage. They want the same things of a woman that a Jane Austen man did. They go all of a tremble at the mere sight of competence in a woman." But the heroine who is responsible for these spirited sallies upon modern man is none the less a charming person, and ends by marrying one after her own high heart. It appears that Miss Allen has written a previous novel and a play. It will not be long before I, for one, have read both.—V. H. F.

Lonely Furrow, by Maud Diver. (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

THE situation around which Mrs. Diver's new book is built up is common in fiction and common enough in real life. There is Ian Calloner, six years alone in India, while his wife Edyth uses their children as an excuse for remaining away from a country she hates. There is Vanessa Vane, beautiful and clever and lonely, for she has just brought her unhappy first marriage to an end by means of a divorce, and Ian and Vanessa meet and love. And yet *Lonely Furrow* is out of the common. It is, perhaps, because Ian and Vanessa are both so brave, and honest over this middle-aged love of theirs and its futility. The eternal triangle, which consists of two recklessly selfish and self-indulgent lovers and someone else, has been exploited too often, generally with the suggestion that "All's fair in love" justifies everything; and this way of regarding such a situation has quite an air of freshness and a hint of poetic beauty. Mrs. Diver has set most of her story's action against a background of glorious mountain scenery in the hills, of flaming skies and glittering peaks and the strange flower fields of the high places, and though it closes with a tragedy, it has a not altogether unhappy ending, if satisfaction that is all of the spirit may be weighed in the balance against that of being happy ever after in the usual fashion.

Travels and Sketches, by Frederick Poulsen. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

THESE graceful papers, by a Danish classical scholar and writer on archaeology, have the charm of sensitiveness and quiet humour, and they are so well translated that the translator meets with the one reward possible for translators, that of being forgotten. But at least, we feel, he deserves to be named; and he is not. The book contains recollections of life in Germany, Italy, Greece, Palestine; memories of the author's own childhood in Denmark, and tender impressions of his baby girl's first three years. But the chapters that most people will probably like best are those that come under the heading, "Polish Magnates." As a young man the author was tutor to the spoiled heir of a Polish noble, and he paints a vivid picture of a society in which barbaric splendour alternated with pitiable squalor, and in which the passionate patriotism of some Poles was matched only by the complaisant servility of others in face of their Russian masters. There are charming indications of the author's feeling for animals, and one of the most pleasing things in the book is his account of how he tried to save a monkey's life and failed. It is only spoiled by the access of self-consciousness at the end which causes him to belittle the incident as

"meaningless now." The book, although written with a light touch, does not lack the deeper appeal which comes of the writer's abiding consciousness that—

Es ist der Weg des Todes, den wir treten.

SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

MR. VACHEL LINDSAY'S *Collected Poems* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) is undoubtedly the most important book of the day, as it might be of a much more crowded one; and after it I should place *Poems of John Cotton, 1630-1687* (Cobden-Sanderson, 15s.), edited by Mr. John Beresford, who supplies an introduction and notes. The edition of 1689, published without the knowledge of his relatives two years after Cotton's death, has never been republished completely or separately until now. Another welcome new edition is Mr. Arthur Beckett's *The Spirit of the Downs* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.).

Slaminayriaf Stories (Clement Ingleby, 22, Gt. James St., London, W.C.1, 6s.), beautifully bound and printed as all the productions of these publishers are, prove on investigation to be a charming collection of country fairy stories in which Miss Honor Elvess tells of the tiny joys and sorrows not only of the elves, but of "Wetty, the Waterhen," "Sally, the Hare," and a great many other furry and feathery folk.

The New Natural History (Milford, 1s.), Professor J. Arthur Thomson's Robert Boyle Lecture in pamphlet form, makes as fascinating reading as any lover of wild life could wish to find, a fairy story for an older audience.

The week's sole work of fiction is *The Call-Box Mystery* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. John Ironside. We have also received *Man, the Mystical Multiplex* (Roach-Cunning), by Mr. Aaron J. Prior, and Dr. M. J. Rowlands' *Open-Air Pig Breeding* (Vinton, 7s. 6d.).

Periodicals include *The World's Work* (1s.) for August; *The Illustrated Review* (1s.); and the *Clan Lamont Journal* (Hereford, 1s.), an amateur quarterly which has quite a remarkable interest as a manifestation of the clan spirit to-day and is very well done. *The Pageant of Nature*, Part II (Cassell, 1s. 3d.), has also been received. S.

CEANOTHUSES

By W. J. BEAN.

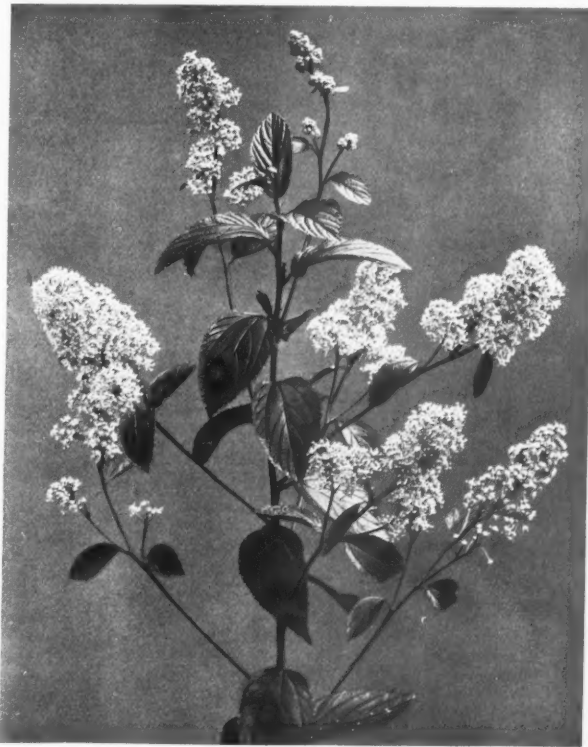
ALTHOUGH blueness is not a uniform characteristic of the flowers of the ceanothuses, it is a prevailing one, and so uncommon is the colour among hardy trees and shrubs that it imparts a special value to this genus in gardens. A recent picture in these pages of *C. thyrsiflorus* in a garden at Godalming (see COUNTRY LIFE, June 23rd, 1923)—a plant apparently about 20ft. high covered with blossom—gives, if one can imagine the blue colouring, some idea of the effect that can be produced by one of the best of these shrubs. The genus is exclusively North American, and the finest kinds come from the Pacific coast region, chiefly from California.

Except that some of them are tender and some transplant badly, they are quite easy to cultivate. They prefer a light, well drained soil rather than a heavy one, and should be grown fully exposed to the sun. The difficulty in regard to transplanting is got over by putting them in their destined places early and growing them in pots until this is done. Nurserymen, fortunately, realise this and all who know their business supply in pots stock of these bad-shifters. In the extreme south and south-western counties the tender species can be grown fully in the open; but near London and farther north wall space has to be provided. A south wall is to be preferred or one facing west, but if an east wall is the only one available it may be used. A list of the kinds that are worth growing and need such protection is as follows: *azureus*, *dentatus*, *integerrimus*, *Lobbianus*, *papillosus*, *rigidus*, *Veitchianus* and *velutinus*.

But wall space is often scarce, and where it is not to be had a very attractive selection of ceanothuses may

still be grown. *C. thyrsiflorus* is one of them; there has been for forty years a large group of it near the Broad Walk at Kew. But apart from that species one has to rely mainly on a group of hybrids that have been raised from *C. americanus*, *C. azureus* and *C. ovatus*, the first and last of which are hardy. These hybrids are bushes more or less deciduous and usually 3ft. to 4ft. high, although, if unpruned, some will grow 2ft. or more higher, especially in mild districts. They also transplant well enough in the small state for pot culture to be dispensed with. Mr. Lemoine of Nancy

deserves honourable mention for his work in hybridising this group, whose value as ornamental shrubs is enhanced by their flowering from June onwards to October. Perhaps the best of the blue-flowered varieties is the well known *Gloire de Versailles*, a hardy free-growing shrub with richly coloured flowers, of which a succession is produced from now until the early frosts of autumn. Other good varieties are *Gloire de Plantières* (blue), *Indigo* (a very deep blue, but not very hardy), *Lucie Simon* (light blue), *Leon Simon* (light blue), *Gay-Lussac* (violet-blue), *Virginal* (pure white), *Le Géant* (large trusses of white flowers), *Perle Rose* (pale rose), *Mérimée* (soft rose), *Georges Simon* (rosy lilac) and *Président Reveil* (pink). As all of this *americanus-azureus* group flower on the current season's growth, they can be pruned back almost to the old wood in March and thus kept comparatively small for a good many years. Those that flower earlier and from the growths made the previous year need pruning as soon as the flowers are over if the plants are given wall protection. But if, like



THE RICH BLUE SPIKES OF CEANOTHUS GLOIRE DE VERSAILLES.

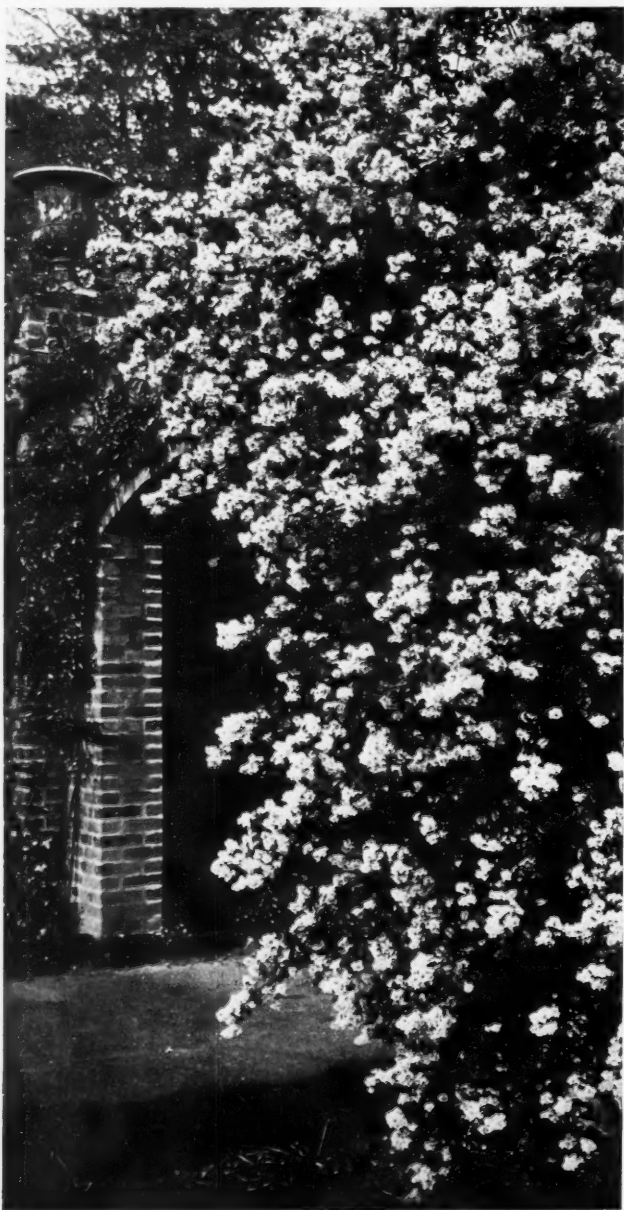
C. thyrsiflorus near London, they can be grown fully in the open, they need not be pruned at all except when one may wish to correct some unshapeliness.

All the *ceanothus*es can be propagated by means of cuttings made of short, firm side shoots during late July and August. They should be put in pots of very sandy soil and given the mild bottom heat of the propagating case.

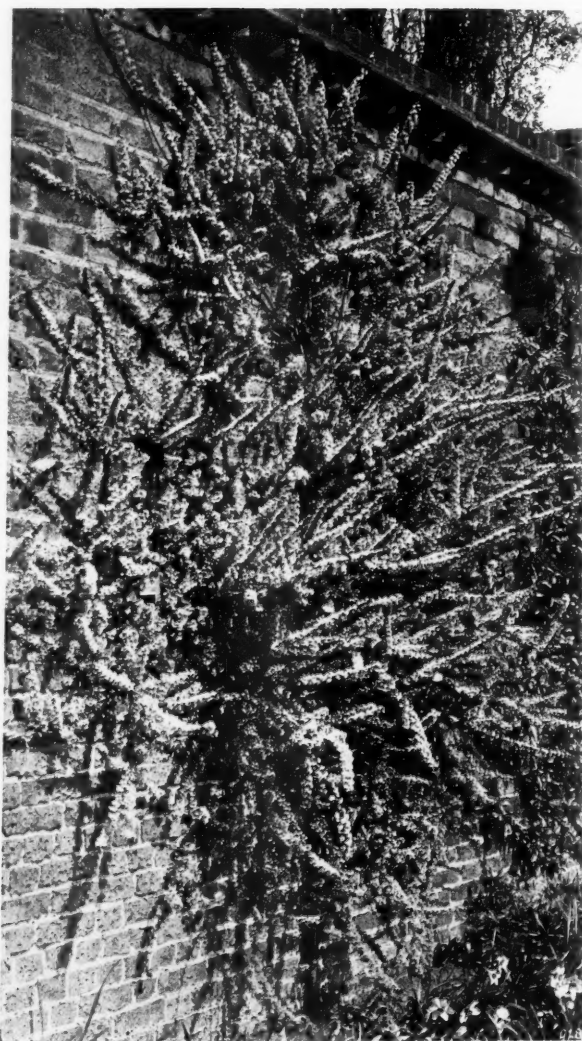
C. rigidus is one of the richly blue-flowered species, and is readily distinguished from all the rest by having opposite leaves, that is, they are set on the stem in pairs. They are quite small, only $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, but densely packed on the branchlets. This year, owing no doubt to the dull cool weather, this species kept up its floral display for six weeks—from early May well into June.

Another well marked species of great beauty is *C. papillosus*, so called from the wart-like protuberances (or papillæ) on the upper side of the leaf, which is oblong and varies from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 2 ins. in length. The flowers come in May in cylindrical racemes up to 1½ ins. long, very abundant and of a charming blue.

I have already mentioned *C. thyrsiflorus*, and for the average climate of Great Britain no *ceanothus* to my mind is equal to it, although its flowers are of a paler hue than those of *rigidus* or *papillosus*. Its hardiness is its first great asset, and it is only severe and continued frost that seriously affects it. During the more than thirty years I have grown it without protection it has only suffered once, which was during the February cold of 1895. Then, among blue-flowered shrubs, its size gives it distinction and prominence. It is often a tree in a wild state over 30 ft. high with a trunk 1 ft. or more in diameter. Even at Kew I have known it over 20 ft. high grown in high shrubbery. It is readily distinguished by its angular branches and by the three conspicuous veins at the base of the leaf. It is evidently variable in the colour of its flowers. Sargent describes them as "blue or white." I have not seen any white ones, but there is a variety called *griseus* which has pale greyish blue or lilac



CEANOTHUS THYRSIFLORUS VAR. GRISEUS.



CEANOTHUS RIGIDUS.

blossoms and larger leaves. It is an attractive shrub, but not so hardy as the blue-flowered type.

Three *ceanothus*es, so much confused in nurseries that one can never be certain which of them will be supplied under a given name, are *dentatus*, *Lobbianus* and *Veitchianus*, the two last of which are natural hybrids with *thyrsiflorus* as one parent. All three are beautiful shrubs with alternate leaves and bright blue flowers, and there is not much to choose between them in that respect. It is somewhat difficult to distinguish them shortly in words, but *C. dentatus* is marked by the veins of the leaf coming pinnately (*i.e.*, featherwise) from the midrib and by having no suggestion of the three prominent veins at the base that distinguish *thyrsiflorus* and its derivatives. *Veitchianus* is to be distinguished by the smooth stalks of the individual flowers, *Lobbianus* by the downy flower-stalks and more distinctly, more uniformly three-veined leaves. The last-named is, perhaps, the handsomest of the three and, like *Veitchianus*, has inherited from *thyrsiflorus* sufficient hardiness to enable it to be grown without wall protection in districts slightly milder than the home counties.

C. velutinus has prominently three-veined leaves up to 3 ins. long and 2 ins. wide, larger than those of any other species we grow in this country, very glossy, dark green and handsome. The bloom, however, is not particularly attractive, being dull white. This shrub needs wall protection and in the growing season has a resinous odour.

C. azureus, also a tender shrub introduced from Mexico over one hundred years ago, is probably not now in cultivation, although it has left its mark as one of the parents of the group of deciduous hybrids mentioned above.

Occasionally one sees a *ceanothus* labelled "*floribundus*" in nurseries and gardens, but, personally, I have never encountered the real plant of that name. It was discovered by Wm. Lobb when collecting in California for Veitch, and was figured in the *Botanical Magazine* in 1854. I doubt if this very beautiful shrub with mazarine-blue flowers is now in existence in this country.

To conclude these notes I may mention *C. integerrimus*, a June-flowering species, vigorous and free-flowering, but needing a wall. It has leaves nearly as large as those of *C. velutinus* and equally strongly three-veined, but they are dull greyish green. Its blossoms are pale blue or almost white, produced in panicles up to 1 ft. long and 3 ins. or 4 ins. wide. A very effective shrub.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE DEFOLIATION OF OAKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in the article on defoliation of oaks in COUNTRY LIFE No. 1,386. Here, in north-east Suffolk, we have suffered greatly in recent years in this way, and the following facts as to defoliation on this estate may be of interest. During the years 1903-20 the oaks were ravaged to a greater or less extent by the caterpillar of the Tortrix viridana moth about one year in four. In the three years since 1920 this has occurred every year, and the visitation has been severe each year. The occasional visitations during the years 1903-20 apparently caused no permanent damage to the trees; but now, after three years in succession, many oaks are showing clear signs of permanent injury—ends of branches dead, leaves growing from main branches and trunk, etc., as indicated in your article. The woods here consist almost entirely of oak from eighty to a hundred years old, growing among ash or hazel coppice which is periodically cut over. There are also standing in the park, in more or less isolated positions, a number of oaks of much greater age, and there are young plantations planted about twenty years ago. As to isolated trees, experience here differs from that as stated in your article. Practically all isolated trees have suffered this year, some of them very severely. As to the age at which trees suffer most, from my observations trees in what may be called middle life are the earliest attacked and the slowest to recover. Old trees do not seem so liable, but recover slowly when they are attacked. A young plantation of oaks twenty years old, though severely attacked in May, recovered rapidly, and is now in first-class order. My theory, for what it is worth, is that this defoliation is largely, if not entirely, due to the type of weather in May. Here, for the last three years, the rainfall in May has been much below the average, and the result of a drought in May seems to be that oaks burst into leaf very late and, having done so, make very slow progress. Is it not possible that, in a normal spring, when the leaves grow quickly and stoutly, they soon become too tough for the caterpillars to eat, and thus they die from lack of food? Or may not the leaves, if eaten in this tough state, cause some internal complaint, in the nature of indigestion, which kills the caterpillars? May not the abnormal conditions in recent winters also have some bearing on this matter? For the past three years we have had no severe frosts and practically no snow in this part of England, and we always think that mild winters mean an abnormal number of weed and insect pests in the following summer. It is not only oaks that have suffered this year; for the first time in my recollection, elms and black poplars have suffered severely from attacks by some form of caterpillar; so have apples, gooseberries and other bush fruits, in spite of all the precautions which can be taken in gardens. I regret that I can suggest no remedy. My hope is that, given a normal winter followed by a normal spring, we shall again see normal foliage upon our oaks, though I fear that many have now been damaged beyond hope of complete recovery.—T. D. GRISSELL.

A TAME CORNCRAKE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the last week of April a corncrake ran through the passage and into the kitchen of a house in the middle of the town on St. Mary's, the Isles of Scilly. It was captured and put in a large box faced with wire netting. Here it was quite happy, feeding freely on worms supplied by its captor, who kept it for a month. At the end of this time, not only was he tired of supplying it with worms, but the supply had given out in his small garden, dug over and over again for supplies as it had been. He therefore turned it out there to forage for itself, but, evidently, finding the ground barren, it walked away during the night to pastures new.—H. W. ROBINSON.

BEE-KEEPERS ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A quaint practice is indulged in by bee-keepers in north and north-west Yorkshire where, during August, the bee-keeper, often his whole family, and always the full colony of bees, trek to the moors. One can see caravans, pony carts, and even handcarts, carrying hives of bees and possibly a tent and miscellaneous

collection of cooking utensils, all making for the moorland area. The object is to give the bees an opportunity to gather honey from the heather which will then be in full bloom. Heather honey is so greatly prized that bee-keepers will often travel twenty or thirty miles and spend the whole of August camping out, in order that their bees can make the most of the purple heather flowers. Here and there on many of the moors the trampers may come suddenly upon a sequestered corner in which a caravan or tent is pitched, and where a solitary man or, perhaps, a family party are making holiday while their bees are working in the heather. It is an astonishing fact that although the bees have been taken twenty or thirty miles away from their habitual home, they soon settle down and can find their own hive even among a dozen others scattered over half a mile of moorland.—W. S.

WHILE MOTHER WORKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The problem of a safe place for baby to sleep in while mother works is a common one with women of every nationality who have to take a share in finding the daily bread for their families by the sweat of their brows, besides seeing to the baking of it. We have here in Britain the Welshwoman who tucks her baby up so tightly in her own shawl that she can carry him with her and still do quite a

this to the Council, and one of the farmers stated that the destructive lark was not the English skylark, but a migratory bird. Can any of your readers tell me whether this is the case and, if so, whether there is any means of preserving the beautiful singing lark only? Can it be distinguished by bird-catchers and be separately protected? I also failed to secure protection for thrushes on the ground that they destroyed fruit. Now, although the thrush takes some fruit, according to Dr. Collinge, it also does much more good than harm by the injurious insects it consumes. It is the blackbird that is so very destructive of fruit, and I did not attempt to secure its protection. During the winter, the only four birds that devour enormous quantities of wire-worms, larvae, and other insects injurious to crops, are the rook, the plover, the thrush and the lark. As Dr. Collinge says, just as a farmer has to pay his labourers for their work, so he should be willing to pay the lark a little corn in exchange for the numerous insects he destroys. Larks are not only consumed by gourmets, but are sold to the lowest classes in the cities for purposes of betting on their flying and singing. Is it possible to do anything to secure the protection of this beautiful singer, which is a delight to all those who live in the country?—CONSTANCE COCHRANE.

[Dr. Collinge, who is quoted by our correspondent, writes to us on the subject: "I am fully in sympathy with Mrs. Cochrane's plea



"I BUILT MY BONNY BABE A NEST."

lot, and on the other side of the world the Eskimo who carries hers in the large hood of her jacket, and so in all countries. I think the Polish woman whose photograph I am offering to you has solved part of the problem very pleasantly. In his hammock-like nest her baby can rest at ease, leaving his pretty mother free to go about her field work, yet able to keep an eye upon her treasure as she goes.—B.

THE TRAFFIC IN LARKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The large and cruel traffic in larks during the winter months is well known, and advertisements are inserted in local newspapers from Smithfield asking for any number of these delightful little birds, and of thrushes, etc., and offering to provide baskets for their transport. As a member of the Cambridgeshire County Council, I recently made a strong effort to obtain the protection of larks and thrushes all the year round, and, while many members of the Council were sympathetic, I was defeated by three farmers saying that larks destroyed their young growing corn in the early spring. Other farmers on heavy soils had never even heard of these depredations. I had previously obtained the opinion of Dr. Collinge, Keeper of the Yorkshire Museum, and he stated that it was a great mistake to kill larks, as they did much more good by the insects they destroyed than harm by the wheat they injured. He also gave statistics of the food found in their crops, which were all in favour of the larks. I told all

for the preservation of the skylark and the song and missel-thrush; and even were these birds injurious I should be most strongly opposed to the cruel traffic in larks waged by that 'pernicious pest,' the bird-catcher. As regards the actual facts, the skylark is a resident British species, but in addition we have an enormous number of immigrant birds which arrive on the East Coast in the autumn, and these undoubtedly do a certain amount of damage to young cereals. In my investigations extending over a long series of years I have shown that both species of thrush do considerably more good than harm, and any short-sighted policy of destruction will only ultimately come home and injure the farmer and fruit-grower.—ED.]

SAVE THE ABYSSINIAN CAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

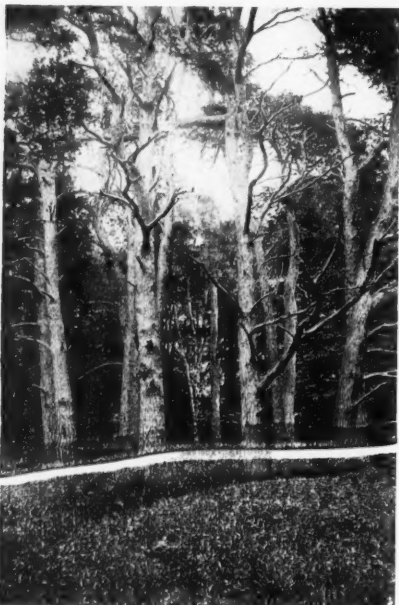
SIR,—Mr. H. C. Brooke asks for breeders of Abyssinian cats. I have had them for over twenty years, the first, a female—extremely like a rabbit—having been figured in Cassell's "Cats," and given me by Miss Bennett, formerly of Shrewton, Wilts, and now, I think, living at Exmouth. I have an old female of this colour now, but the tendency has been to a dark thick fur ticked with light tips—very pretty, but not "bunny" as formerly; also a "ticked" impure female. I would give away either. The strain is very strong and has become common.—C. V. GODDARD.



SCOTCH FIRS AS HILL-TOP SIGHTING MARK. COLES TUMP, HEREFORDSHIRE, WITH THE SKIRRID AND SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAINS AND THE BLACK MOUNTAIN RANGE IN DISTANCE. SEVEN BEECHES AND SEVEN FIRS COMPOSE THIS GROUP.

THE TREE OF THE EARLY TRACK. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One of the many unexpected facts noted in two years' work on the straight-sided trackways



SCOTCH FIRS ON A TUMULUS, HOMEND BANK, HEREFORDSHIRE.

is that one species of tree is characteristic of the prehistoric track and its high places.

It is not the oak, although here and there a 'Gospel oak' or another patriarch with a name marks the way. Nor the yew, which seems to indicate mediæval tracks, such as the Pilgrims' Way, so often mis-called prehistoric. It is the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), never so plentiful as to seem part of our Western landscape and seldom to be found but on an ancient track or its sighting points. Our Herefordshire Coles Tump and Coles Hill (examples of many others of that name called from the professional trackmakers indicated in the name Coleman Street) both have their summits marked by tree clumps of which Scotch fir is the chief. The apex of the hill point, Lady Lift, has its clump of these trees, and in the wood-clad skyline of our Herefordshire hills a few of these prehistoric pines usually seem to mark the highest points. The old homestead with one or two Scotch firs is invariably on an ancient straight track, the course of which is often dotted with an attenuated line of the same trees as it goes up through a wood, or (as on Garway) over the shoulder of a hill to its summit. An avenue of Scotch firs seems always to be part of an ancient straight track. The mile-long example called Monnington Walk is sighted over Brobury Scar. Those at Trewyn and Llanvihangel Court are central with the mansions, the first of which has been proved to have been built on a burial tumulus and the second is reputed to be so. A visit to Homend Bank (Stretton Grandison), a few days ago, is typical. Here, on the skyline of the wooded hill, I find two tumuli, unmarked on the 6in. map. Both are packed with sky-towering Scotch firs. Like some sylvan temple, each group stands on its mound; trees of other varieties, including a weeping wych elm, gather round as if in attendance. Just below is a group of yews, but no other Scotch firs are near. And to this day a perfectly straight track through the wood connects the two mounds.

Then in another part of the wood is a deep hollow road coming straight over the bank. Choked with trees now, it is marked by a line of Scotch firs, and no more of the variety are to be found in the wood near. In Harewood Park is a large and exact circle of Scotch firs with nothing to explain its origin. Several times have I found a clump of these trees to be the crossing point of two trackways—perhaps the site of a demolished barrow. Londoners can find an example in that fine group, Constable's Firs, on the high point of Hampstead Heath, and, looking out on the open country Hendon-way, can judge whether the spot they stand on might not have been a crossing point of tracks. To sum up impressions. In some strange way (I know little of its life history) the Scotch fir seems in England to belong to prehistoric (not mediæval) tracks, in a sense no other tree does. A quick grower, many generations of its species must have propagated themselves on those spots. It is certain that it does not spread; and, apart from ancient ways, I do not see it part of the general woodland of our English landscape. It is a weird survival. I have called this native pine by the name by which it has been known for centuries in England.—ALFRED WATKINS.

WHITE HOUSE MARTINS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the last few weeks a couple of pure white house martins have made their appearance here, and are seen all day and every day on the wing, hunting with other martins and swallows. Can you or any of your readers tell me whether cases of white martins are in any way of common occurrence. Another bird of parti-coloured plumage has also been seen, presumably one of the same family, lately hatched in the neighbourhood.—SUSAN WORSLEY.



SCOTCH FIR AVENUE AT LLANVIHANGEL COURT. THE SKIRRID BEHIND.



SCOTCH FIR ON A TRACK AT OLD SUFTON, HEREFORD.

GOODWOOD IN RETROSPECT

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FRENCH CHAMPION

THE Duke of Richmond's meeting at Goodwood last week proved to be thoroughly enjoyable, if not exactly glorious. The weather on the first day filled us with dismay; it proved, however, to be the worst of some variegated samples. There were one or two vicious showers on the third day, but, on the whole, I am sure we were much favoured in the matter of the weather. It means such a lot at Goodwood. Of course it was a great thing for the social side of the meeting that both the King and Queen should have honoured the Duke with their presence and as his guests at Goodwood House. Yet the general attendance was appreciably below that of the years since the war. The uncertain political situation and the general shortage of money did, indeed, adversely influence the meeting, but the fact is being noticed by every other racecourse executive. It was even mentioned to the writer by Mr. Cathcart, who is at the head of the organisation which controls Alexandra Park, at which a meeting took place at the end of Goodwood week. Receipts there were down too.

Of course, there have been the usual criticisms as to the poorness of the racing. Surely much of that is undeserved. If you have such big attractions as the appearance and performance of the crack French horse Epinard, the most interesting race for the King George Stakes, and the appearance on the scene of the greatest two year old we have seen for years in Mumtaz Mahal, other events, by comparison, are bound to seem ordinary. More often than not, races like the Gratwicke Stakes, Ham Stakes and Prince of Wales' Stakes fail to yield well on the days that they come to be run for, but they do interest those breeder-owners, who, after all, represent the backbone of ownership on our turf. Lord Astor won the Gratwicke Stakes with his Eclipse Stakes winner, Saltash; Lord Derby won the Ham Stakes with Sansovino, and Mr. Anthony de Rothschild took the Prince of Wales' Stakes with Tippler. All three owners have a very considerable stake in breeding and racing, and I for one should be deeply regretful were such events as the three named to disappear from the Goodwood programme.

Selling races are anathema to those who regard them as nothing more than mediums for gambling, and yet there are legitimate occasions when they are used for the dispersal, if possible, of moderate and even bad horses. For instance, while the Aga Khan glories in the ownership of Mumtaz Mahal, Diophon, Cos, and other notabilities, he has also been trying to get rid of the bad ones in selling races, so far, however, without success. Then racecourse executives are not likely to banish selling races from their programmes so long as they go on providing nice surpluses. There was not a deal of profit on those decided at Goodwood last week, but such as it was it would help.

It was on the first day that the French bred and owned Epinard won the Steward's Cup under 8st. 6lb. It is the highest weight ever carried to victory by a three year old in the sprint handicap. Yet he was most confidently expected to achieve victory by our friends from France, and if confirmation were required of this you have it in the fact that he started favourite after having been backed for a week or more before the race from 16 to 1 down to 7 to 2. I do not think he had anything like an average Stewards' Cup field to beat, and the performance may not compare with what Irish Elegance did as a four year old when he was second under 10st. 2lb., beaten only three parts of a length by King Sol, in receipt of 44lb., and soon afterwards became one of the best sprinters in the country. It is as well to weigh these things when appraising the performance of Epinard. Nevertheless, I am sure he is an exceptional horse, for he won in irreproachable fashion.

He is, too, a really good horse from a severe critic's point of view. He might be faulted as being slightly long in the back, but he is of full average size, with a grand forehead and outlook, and the powerful, truly moulded quarters of a first-class racehorse. The outstanding impression I got of him was that he has character, and I have no doubt he also has that temperament which is so necessary in the making of a good racehorse. Apart from the very good points I have enumerated you probably see him at his best when he is in action, for then his movements are superb. Some of my readers may be interested in his breeding, and I may, therefore, say that he is a rich chestnut of that colour which Humorist had. His sire Badajoz was quite a good racehorse in France, and he was by Gost, a son of Callistrate, a notable horse of his day. His dam was by Raeburn, and he of course, was thoroughly English bred. Epine Blanche, the dam of Epinard, was got by the Derby winner, Rock Sand, from Whitethorn, by the American sire Nasturtium, by Waterpress. Epine Blanche was actually foaled in France ten years ago, and so far as I can gather Epinard is the only horse of any account she has bred; indeed, she had come to be regarded as practically worthless for breeding purposes. Here you have another instance of the right sort of blood asserting itself in time. For Epinard can be regarded as an extremely well bred horse.

The Goodwood Cup race was dreadfully disappointing to all, I suppose, except Mr. Anthony de Rothschild, who won the trophy with his wonderfully improved horse, Triumph, and the many who backed the latter at an uncommonly good price. As a race it was a fiasco: for the French horse Ramus gave a perfectly horrible

display of temper and kicking at the starting post. Indeed, he would not start. Incidentally, too, Donoghue gave a rare display of horsemanship and simply would not be dislodged. Mr. Justice Darling, could he have witnessed it, would have revised his ideas of the short leathers preventing a rider having control of a horse. Ramus would have unseated many efficient riders with the hunting seat. But Donoghue, with very short leathers, sat there, and beat the villain of a horse, in that sense. Bucks Hussar was the only competitor and he broke down inside a quarter of a mile from home, and will now be compelled to have a long rest from racing if, indeed, he ever comes out again. I have seen it said that he had got the measure of Triumph when he broke down. Such is not my opinion, and it is certainly not the opinion of Childs, who rode Triumph.

Dealing still with the older horses one must single out Mr. Joel's grand four year old Sicyon for the very impressive display when returned the winner of the King George Stakes. He had to carry 9st. 11lb. and had to concede 9lb. to Tremola. The owner of the latter is a man who makes a business-like study of racing and the backing of horses and, shrewd man that he is, he had come to the conclusion that Tremola would beat Sicyon at the weights. Hence the way he betted heavily and influenced others so that the horse was nearly as good a favourite as Sicyon. What might have been is a debatable point, but I believe that Sicyon, being a horse right out of the ordinary, would certainly have won in any case. It happened that Tremola suffered at the start through his dislike of starting at all. Sicyon, in the result, slammed the four year old mare Golden Corn, the three year old filly Suryakumari, while the grey three year old Scyphius was also treated as quite an ordinary sprinter.

I thought Pondoland ran an extraordinarily good race under the big weight of 9st. 7lb., for the Drayton Handicap. Here was a case of blinkers, worn for the first time, making a remarkable difference in giving the horse the wanted confidence. He was only beaten a short head in the endeavour to concede 31lb. to Lord Woolavington's Miss Marget, regarded and backed as unbeatable. Mr. Sol Joel's luck in spite of the defeat of Pondoland underwent a remarkable change, considering for what a long time it has been all out. I have alluded to Sicyon. His three year old Colossus had won him the Singleton Handicap of five furlongs, and only by a short head was the newcomer among two year olds, Polyphontes, beaten for the Rous Memorial Stakes by the more experienced and very good filly Straitlace. Then on the last day Evander won him the Chesterfield Cup, a belated enough success, for this horse, bred by the Duke of Portland, had failed to win for him since he purchased him privately last autumn.

There is marked poverty in the land in the matter of long distance horses. The fact is depressing because it will be a bad day for the thoroughbred when we cease to breed horses with the necessary stamina derived from constitution, strength of limb, and general powers of endurance. Yet where are they at the present time? Happy Man could not participate in the Cup race as he has not been seriously trained since his Gold Cup win at Ascot. I feel sure Lord Lonsdale would have won with Diligence had that horse been sound enough to run, but he met with an accident a little time ago which also kept him away from Ascot. Let these few be kept away, and what precious little remain in the way of available stayers! They were, indeed, a dismal lot that ran for the Goodwood Plate, and I really do not know what we are coming to.

Little important history was made by the better known three and two year olds that ran at the meeting. On the former Lord Astor has most reason to congratulate himself, for he won the Gratwicke Stakes with Saltash, the Gordon Stakes with Bold and Bad, and the Nassau Stakes with Concertina. Bold and Bad in the circumstances was perhaps rather lucky to scramble home a winner, and I am forced to the conclusion that he really does not stay a mile and a half. Anyhow it is necessary, so far as I am concerned, to revise the opinion I formed of him at Ascot. To-day I prefer Saltash: he on a racecourse may be better than Bold and Bad at any distance, certainly over a distance of ground. Concertina is not in the St. Leger, otherwise I should be inclined to take her seriously.

Mumtaz Mahal was cheered and cheered again as she swept on to the course to go through the formality of cantering in front of a solitary opponent for the Molecombe Stakes. She was warmly greeted too, as she went past the judge with what he declared to be ten lengths in her favour. She is a glorious sort and a wonder in every sense. Apart from her I have little doubt the best two year old that ran at the meeting was her stable companion Diophon, winner of Lavant Stakes in most excellent style, beating Beresford, Druid's Orb, and Carmel. It was the speed and the manner of his galloping that pleased me so much. Knight of the Garter in another race failed to give 15lb. to Lord Derby's Halcyon, a filly that outstayed the King's colt over the six furlongs of the Richmond Stakes course. I felt that it was not only inability to concede the weight that lost Knight of the Garter his race. I must repeat that, on what I saw, Diophon was the best of the two year old performers during the week—Mumtaz Mahal apart.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SHAWFORD HOUSE, WINCHESTER

THREE miles north of Winchester is Shawford House, that charming example of a Charles II residence of moderate size, which was described and illustrated in two special articles in COUNTRY LIFE so recently as August 7th and 14th, 1920 (pages 172 and 212).

The house stands midway between two branches of the river Itchen, with Twyford, the double ford, to the east, and Shawford, the shady ford, to the west. Twyford, a name which originally embraced what is now Shawford, is mentioned in Domesday as belonging to the Bishop of Winchester, who had a residence in the neighbouring manor of Marwell.

Both manors were bought from the family of Seymour in 1623, with part of a sum of £14,000, bequeathed by an Alderman Haliday of the City of London, with a direction to expend the money in buying land within 100 miles of London for his daughter, the wife of Sir Henry Mildmay, as her inalienable separate estate. That saving clause, inserted, as it was explained, from no want of affection for the husband, was providential, and for that the Alderman merited the praise expressed in his epitaph in St. Lawrence Jewry, commending his prudence. The Mildmay family has a long pedigree, including the knight who was in charge of King John's baggage when it was lost in The Wash, and Sir Walter Mildmay, founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, great-grandfather of the Shawford Sir Henry, and Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth. Colonel Herbert St. John Mildmay has portrayed these notables in his "Memoir of the Mildmay Family." Sir Henry was high in favour with James I, who sent Alderman Haliday an autograph letter commending the young man as a worthy suitor for the daughter. The pair were wedded at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, in 1619, not long after the King's communication already mentioned. However, eventually he turned against the Crown and his estates were forfeited.

The foresight of her father had saved for the wife the manors of Marwell and Twyford. The second son, Henry, inherited Shawford, and replaced the older house with the present one at an expenditure of £10,100, equivalent to about £100,000 to-day. Shawford House has been but little changed externally, and it has the distinction of being almost wholly faced with stone, though in a stoneless district, which for miles is chalk, sand, gravel or clay.

When Mrs. Alfred Morrison bought Shawford in 1911 the house had suffered considerably inside. Most of the original panelling had been discarded in favour of wallpaper, and yellow varnished pitch pine had replaced the old stairs. Since then oak stairs have been fitted in harmony with the original style of the interior. A new and dignified front door has replaced the stone entrance—added half a century ago in the French rococo style, and entirely out of keeping with it. A new dining room has been contrived out of the subsidiary buildings, and there have been many other judicious and successful improvements.

One word more about the personal history of the estate; it remained in the Mildmay family's possession until 1850, when it was sold to the tenant, General Frederick, whose son, Sir Charles Frederick, sold it to Mr. Bradley Firth, by whom, in turn, Shawford was sold to Mrs. Alfred Morrison twelve years ago.

We cannot more fittingly close than by quoting the concluding remarks of the article in these columns of August 14th, 1920 (page 218): "Under the excellent care of her architect, Mr. Jewell, and helped by a wonderful feeling for the right furniture and pictures, Shawford House has been brought back again to its original period and charm, both within and without, and is a most encouraging example of what can be done by those who understand."

Two points worthy of note are the sunk garden, said to be the site of an old cockpit, and the fact that the 94 acres, now for sale with the house, are bounded by the river Itchen, in which there is a mile and a half of fishing. Mrs. Alfred Morrison has placed Shawford House in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for sale at an early date.

LORD MORLEY'S DEVON SEAT SOLD.

LORD MORLEY has disposed of his Devonshire estate, Whiteway, near Chudleigh, 1,831 acres, with a Georgian mansion, through

the agency of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. J. and H. Drew. A good deal of the timber on the estate is ready for felling, and there are four good farms, with some excellent shooting in woods extending to well over 540 acres.

Ten transactions reported by Messrs. Constable and Maude within the last few days include the sales of Lavant House, Chichester, a medium sized mansion with cottages and about 85 acres; Melmoth Lodge, Cookham, a well appointed residence, cottages and grounds, in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons; Mount Hall, Kingswood, a modern freehold residence adjoining the eighth hole of Walton Heath golf links, and about 15 acres, sold for the third time, in the present transaction Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley being associated with them; East Hill, Oxted, building sites; Newington Park, Tavistock, a medium sized residence on the edge of Dartmoor, with stabling, garage and 42 acres; Chute Standen, Andover, following their auction of the major portion of the estate, including the residence and home farm; Sonning estate, building sites; East Hill, Oxted, building sites; No. 107, Park Road, Regent's Park, a double-fronted residence with garden back and front; No. 10, Park Village East, Regent's Park, a small compact residence; and No. 5, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, an up-to-date residence.

OXFORDSHIRE MANORS.

COMPLETION of negotiations for the transfer of two important Oxfordshire estates, is announced by Messrs. Franklin and Jones. By instructions of trustees, Sandford Park, in North Oxon, has been sold by them, with parkland of 108 acres.

Near Kingham and Chipping Norton is Cornwell Manor, an unspoilt manor house of Jacobean date, and 730 acres. Messrs. Franklin and Jones, in association with Messrs. Thornton and Co. and Mr. W. G. Millar, have purchased this estate, on behalf of Mr. Joshua Bower, from the Penyston family, whose connection with it extends over a long period. Fotheringhay Manor, Northants, has also been purchased by them on behalf of a client.

Kencot Manor, six miles from Lechlade and Witney, with grounds of 3½ acres, freehold, realised £2,000, at an auction held by Messrs. Herbert Dulake and Co. at Oxford. The family of Yates of Buckland built the house, and sold it in 1708 to one Jordan of Burford, by whom the house was greatly changed. The fireplaces and finely panelled old doors are noteworthy.

MODERNISED COUNTRY HOUSES.

THE SHAW, Crowborough, for some years the residence of the late Mr. H. E. Sheppard, will be submitted to auction this month by Messrs. Harrods, Limited, and Mr. Charles J. Parris. It is a freehold of 20 acres, on a south-eastern slope, commanding Sussex wealden scenery. The house, having modern features of equipment that are generally only found in a town, is of stone, with a quantity of old oak panelling. There is a garage for two cars, and the grounds, laid out by a landscape gardener of the middle of last century, are of great charm.

Externally, the Sussex house shown in one of Messrs. Chesterton and Sons' recent announcements leads the visitor to expect something uncommon within, and, as the view of the interior reveals, he will not be disappointed. The structure is fifteenth century, and in wonderful preservation. To the charms of antiquity are added the requisites of modern comfort, such as central heating, and there is a garage. The freehold is for sale with 4 acres, and an acre of meadow, for £4,935, or with an additional 12 acres, £5,250.

Summersbury Hall, a freehold of 28 acres, at Shalford, near Guildford, a house built forty-seven years ago, has been sold for £8,000, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, on behalf of the representative of the late Mr. F. W. Whiting.

Mrs. Sperling, of Donnington Castle, has purchased Donnington Elms, near Newbury, which has been sold twice within a year, by Messrs. Thake and Paginton.

The remaining portions of the Lilleybrook estate, Cheltenham, offered locally yesterday week, realised over £47,500, for seven of the nine lots. One of 16 acres, put in at an "upset" price of £1,300, changed hands after vigorous

competition at £2,500. The agents were Messrs. Whatley, Hill and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Whatley and Co.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have sold Tremorna, Carbis Bay, Cornwall, for the executors of the late Mr. Horne, for £3,750. It is a residential property on the cliffs, with garage and grounds of 2½ acres. Lee Manor, a few miles from Ilfracombe, a stone residence with woodlands of 50 acres, was withdrawn at £4,600; and Gorselands, Ash Vale, Surrey, a modern residence with 2 acres, at £3,750.

A beautiful house at Shipton-under-Wychwood, known as The Old Prebendal House, has been sold. Parts of the house date back to very early times, and in the grounds are the remains of an ecclesiastical building, believed to be the prebendal chapel. The grounds and meadows exceed 50 acres. Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have purchased the property on behalf of a client, Messrs. Hampton and Sons acting on behalf of the vendor.

Marston Hill, Fairford, on the Gloucestershire and Wiltshire borders, which was recently offered by auction by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, has been sold by them, in conjunction with Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners. Marston Hill is of stone, in the Tudor style, standing in 300 acres. The property was withdrawn at auction at £15,000. Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have also, in conjunction with Messrs. Nixon, Toone and Harrison, sold the Manor House, Welton, near Darenty, withdrawn from auction in June, an old manor house and 6 acres.

ANGLESEY PRIORY, NEAR CAMBRIDGE.

THE groined ceiling, supported on Purbeck marble pillars, of the entrance hall of Anglesey Priory is sufficiently imposing and venerable to cause any visitor to ask about its origin. The answer is that that apartment was originally the chapter house of the Priory, after which the house is appropriately named. The most distinguished of the owners of the house was, doubtless, Sir George Downing, founder of Downing College, Cambridge, who bought it in 1736. The freehold of 185 acres is described and illustrated in particulars of sale, which have been prepared by Messrs. Bidwell and Sons and Mr. O. E. Griffiths, and it is near Bottisham station, six miles from Cambridge. A reference to Anglesey Priory, now for sale privately, with a small acreage if preferred, appeared in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on July 14th.

Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. have sold The Holts, Newent, 7 acres; Great Hoggins Farm, St. Briavels, Glos., a pasture and arable farm of 141 acres; Mortimer Lodge, cottages and 8½ acres of land at Hanley Swan, near Malvern; and Severn House, Upton-on-Severn; as well as premises in Stroud, and Gloucester, for a total of £24,005; also Norton Farm, near Gloucester, 130 acres, let at £232 a year, to the tenant, at £5,500; and Jackson's Farm, 111 acres, subject to tithe rent charge and land tax amounting to £30 12s. 9d. a year, sold with vacant possession for £3,400.

Under instructions from Mr. S. E. Bates, Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey offered by auction, at Basingstoke, outlying portions of Manydown estate, 162 acres, at Monk Sherborne, Wootton St. Lawrence and Tadley. Of thirty-nine lots submitted, thirty-six were sold at from £47 an acre downwards.

Building land in the Bournemouth district is in keen demand, and the fourth successive sale at which Messrs. Fox and Sons have disposed of every lot has just been held at Barton-on-Sea, when eighty-one sites realised £10,475.

The Iford estate building sites, sold at auction recently, accounted for £11,710. Houses in the well known Branksome Park have sold well, purchasers having been found for Bracken Hill, Llanover, Master's Hall, Corriemoor and Hillside, for a total of £23,975. No. 19, Dunbar Road and a new house in East Avenue, on the Talbot Woods estate, made £6,450. Bohemia and several plots of land on Boscombe Manor estate fetched £5,180. Twenty-two lots on the Clowance estate, West Cornwall, produced £6,274; Wavendon, Wareham, made £1,650 at auction.

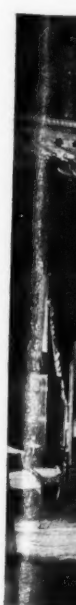
Mr. F. W. Wragge has sold The Mosses, Manley, Cheshire, for £1,500. ARBITER.

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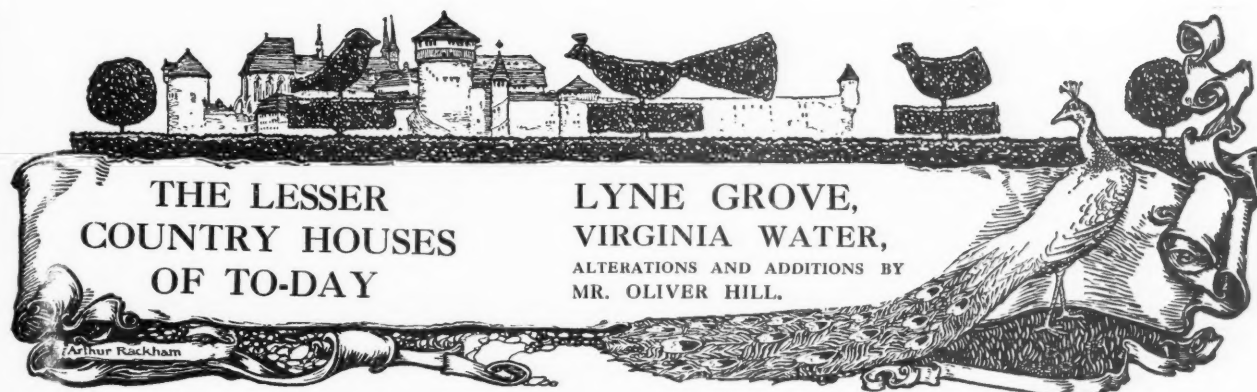


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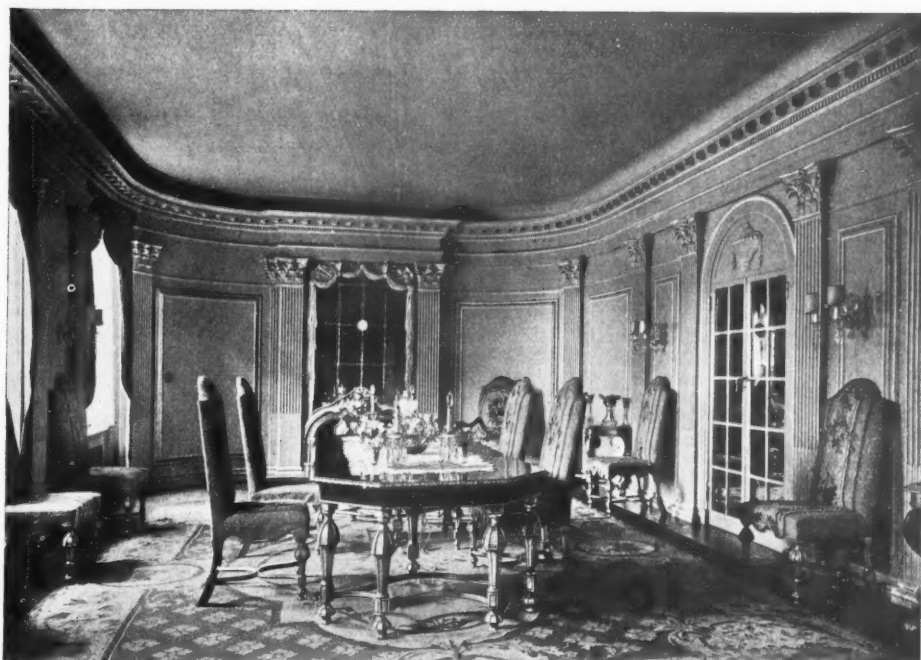
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THERE never has been, and never can be, any finality in art or architecture. By way of illustrating this, take these two

excerpts, both from writings of men of the nineteenth century, the one a French architect, the other an English painter. Thus Viollet-le-Duc, reviewing the architecture of his own day: "If, then, architects would not wish to be classed, in the next century, among lost species and extinct historical individualities—such as astrologers, alchemists, and men in armour—it is high time they set themselves resolutely to work. . . . It is not by the mingling of styles, and combining without reason or principle the architectural forms of various ages, that we shall discover the art appropriate to our own, but by making our first consideration the introduction of reason and plain good sense into every conception, using materials in accordance with their individual properties, and acknowledging a frank and cordial adoption of modern industrial appliances." The other citation is Whistler's.

It runs: "To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano. That Nature is always right is an assertion, artistically, as untrue as it is whose truth is universally taken for granted. Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might be said that Nature is usually wrong; that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare, and not common at all. . . . The sun blazes, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and, without, all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace



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DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

are seen from all points of London. The holiday-maker rejoices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes." These two points of view are quite opposite, for the one is matter-of-fact realism, and the other is "suggestion, never depiction." In the architecture of our own day the differing schools of thought still persist. There are those who see hope only in building pure and simple. These counsel us to throw over the styles of the past, the bigwigism of seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the "revivals" of Greek and Goth, and to get on with steel and concrete, and leave the nonsense aside—



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TWO VIEWS IN THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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BILLIARD-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a very different outlook from that sustained by advocates of "Modern Classic," with all its careful analysis and measuring and adaptation of old work. And still another phase of thought is displayed by those whom we will call the architectural adventurers. These are for trying something new, not necessarily of our own day, but of any day, so long as it can be made to serve a present need and has possibilities of giving enjoyment in the doing of it. In the decorative side of architecture, the interior embellishment of buildings, it finds ample scope. An instance of it is offered by the work which has recently been done at Lyne Grove. This house (now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Isaacs) is of many periods. Originally built in early Georgian days, it underwent considerable alteration, including a new cement face, about a hundred years ago, when the Greek Revival was in full cry; and later it came under the Italian fashion about the middle of the century. Ten years ago

Mr. Arthur T. Bolton made alterations to it, and since the war further work inside, now illustrated, has been done by Mr. Oliver Hill. This includes a new dining-room, saloon and billiard-room, all of which possess the interest of experiment and adventure. In the dining-room we see a modern version of a Wren manner, with suggestions of French influence. The room is an oblong with rounded ends, one end having a chimneypiece, the other a wall fountain set in a recess. The chimneypiece has its marble fireplace surmounted by mirror glass panels outlined with glass ribs of a peacock blue colour. The fountain is the work of Mr. Gilbert Bayes and has a mask from which water falls into a bronze basin of shell form. The wall treatment is with pilasters carrying a full entablature, the whole painted putty colour, while the coved ceiling is painted lightly like a clouded blue sky. A carpet of Aubusson character covers the floor, and the high-backed chairs have a tapestry covering. These chairs and the table (of walnut with silver-coloured enrichment) were designed by the architect.

In the saloon, which adjoins the dining-room, and is entered also from an ante-room at one end, quite another manner of decoration is seen. It is a version of Chinese; some of it, as the palm-tree supports to the double doors, reminding us of a fashion of Garrick's day. The walls are of silver foil, overspread with a green glaze, and there is lacquer and brocade in keeping. The effect is rich to the point of opulence, but by artificial light—and this is essentially a night-time room—its richness is captivating. Foil is used also in the billiard-room: in this case burnished copper. It covers the dome ceiling and the curving wall face of the raised recess at one end of the room—a pleasant place of retirement, whence, from the seats on either side of the fireplace, one can survey the players. The enclosing walls are relieved with a colonnade of Portland stone, the entry to the room being flanked by openings filled with metal grilles. It all exhibits the spirit of adventure that eschews the orthodox, and finds pleasure and satisfaction in new essays.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.

LAWN TENNIS: SINGLES AND DOUBLES

II.—ANGLE.

THE most obvious lesson of the Singles at Wimbledon was that to become a champion one should hit normally to within a few feet of the base-line—that is, with a considerable margin of safety above the tape—and rather up and down the court than sharply across it to the sides near the net. This standard stroke done fast seems to impose the maximum of exertion on the opponent with the minimum of risk to the man who uses it. Both Mr. Johnston and Mlle. Lenglen can play many other strokes, but this stroke is their staple. How would this single-winning stroke do in a double? It wouldn't do at all. That is to say, that it would do well enough in those classes of lawn tennis in which any ball is difficult if it will pitch in and is hit hard, but it would not do against aspirants for the Doubles Championship. These last do not mind pace in itself; as was pointed out by that early writer on lawn tennis to whose aphorisms our attention in youth was forcibly directed, *Vis consili expers mole ruit sua*; the pace of an ill directed ball makes the return destructive; the cardinal difference between these experts and the rest of us is that they can reckon on returning any ball which they can reach. They are pretty sure to be at the net, and the fast, highish, up-and-down the court ball is the ball they like best of all; it does not compel the striker to move far from his position "at the centre of the angle"; it makes the speed of the return and it can be volleyed down. It is a stroke that no doubles expert plays if he can help it, unless he has an opening made. Probably one reason that in America the Singles and the Doubles Championships are not played at the same meeting is that Americans, with their tendency to specialisation, recognise that they are different games, and that the stroke which a player has keyed himself up to make automatically at time of stress in a single is not the one that will serve him in a double. In the single a player does not usually find himself at the net unless he has already established an advantage, and when he is there he has proportionately much more net to cover than in the double; he is, therefore, more vulnerable to the fast-passing drive, for the striker is aiming at a larger target. To speak of a "good length" in a single is to mean something unchanging and definite—to mean that the ball pitches near the base-line. In a double there is no "good length"; or, if there is, it means the changing length which, at a given moment, is most embarrassing to the

striker: if any definite length had to be taken it would be that of a ball that would pitch, if allowed, on the service line. Length is the virtue of the singles player. What corresponds to it in the player of doubles is "angle": he endeavours to hit to as sharp an angle as he can towards the side-line; by this means he manoeuvres one of his opponents momentarily off the court and thus leaves the other with an almost impossible amount of court to cover. Moreover, in a double the length stroke is the more difficult to make, that whereas in a single there is nothing very definite to be gained by risking the tape-shaving drive against an opponent at the base-line, in a double the risk must be taken or the ball will be volleyed down. The ball will therefore drop sooner, pace for pace. To keep the ball down, the doubles player accepts all sorts of risks that would be unremunerative in a single. Mr. Johnston did not play in the Doubles this year—more is the pity; but when he was here in 1920 he hit with a full swing across the court and chanced the consequences. These heroic measures are not for everyone. Mr. Roper Barrett has been in the pair to win the Doubles three times, and both last year and this he and his partner took favourites or winners to the fifth set. He can drive hard, but he seldom does; instead he relies on his delicacy of touch. His doubles drive is the very opposite of the length drive that wins singles: it is hardly a drive at all; he soothes the ball over the net with an inch or so to spare and drops it almost lifeless near the side-line. Wimbledon has been the poorer that he and Mr. Dixon, who could play much the same stroke, no longer have great bouts with hard hitters from the Continent. Mr. Mavrogordato and Mr. Davson, who in the last two years have been much nearer the Championship than is realised, concentrate as a rule on driving low down the middle, so that the ball drops at once between their opponents, thus taking one risk at a time; they concentrate on the trajectory and leave direction for later. Mr. Godfree and Mr. Lycett—the pair to win this year—did not appear, by singles standards, to be playing better than other pairs that could be named. They probably won because they eschewed the singles length drive. Mr. Lycett excelled with the long travelling lob, and Mr. Godfree, while hitting a good many moderately easy balls out or into the net, won points outright from others by hitting sharply across the court. They won with a game which would not have taken them far in the Singles.

E. E. M.

CORPUS CHRISTI IN UMBRIA

THE day of the festa dawns hot and bright, and the little hill town is early astir. The streets along which the procession is to pass are strewn with fresh-cut box, and every house along the route that can boast such splendours has hung out a faded curtain of old brocade or coverlet of Florentine flame-stitch. Women are wearing their brightest kerchiefs, men their most sombre and respectable attire; the shrines at the street corners are freshly decked with flowers in honour of the festa, and the shrill voices of the urchins have risen at least a tone in pitch.

As the appointed hour draws nigh the silent, sun-baked piazza suddenly awakes to life. The contadini, many of them bareheaded beneath the blazing sun, watch with amusement the flamboyant parasols of the tourists, and speculate upon the chances of the *forestieri* going down on their knees in the dust at the passing of the Host. Yet such is the magic influence of Umbria that most of these same stiff-necked (or, rather, let us hope, stiff-kneed!) foreigners will actually furl their parasols and fall upon their knees at the proper moment, risking sunstroke and sudden death rather than incur the momentary displeasure of the followers of St. Francis.

The sound of a drum—and a toy one at that!—announces the approach of the procession. The drummer comes first, a long lean man in black, palpitating with heat and self-importance; behind him an ecclesiastic, short and stout, and in gorgeous raiment, staggers beneath the weight of a huge banner. Then comes a company of first communicants, little girls with long white veils, escorted by a group of angels. Elf-like angels these, whose tumbled curls blow back beneath their stiff gold crowns: angels with painted wings and roguish faces, clasping each other tightly by the hand.

The inmates of an orphanage come next, white-veiled as well, each column guided by a sister of charity—whose wide-winged head-dress recalls a sea-bird's flight—ready, if need be, to lend a steadying hand to the embroidered banner of Our Lady borne by their little charges.

Blatantly the twentieth century steps in once more in the shape of a brass band, whose perspiring members fill the piazza with discordant noise. In striking contrast come the lay fraternities, those relics of the Middle Ages which, here in Umbria fulfil the same office as the *Misericordia* in the towns of Tuscany. "What are they for, Signorina? . . . They are, I think you say, a fellowship for prayer." So says "mine host" as the fraternities go by, clad in long grey robes with capes now blue, now yellow, now red. With shining faces and protesting boots they pass, the lighted tapers in their hands paling to insignificance in the sun's fierce rays.

The Brotherhoods are followed by Franciscan friars, whose sandalled feet and coarse serge gowns contrast so strangely with the gorgeous vestments they have donned for the occasion. In double file they come, with their attendant acolytes wistful and a little weary, while in the distance the sound of chanting becomes audible above the murmur of the crowds who line the streets. . . . There is an eager forward movement as townsfolk and *contadini* strain to catch the first glimpse of the great *baldacchino* held above the Host. But what are banners and embroideries compared to the faces of the passing friars? What a study in humanity they make! Some walk with fixed gaze, looking straight before them: these ones self-conscious, those merely vacant-eyed. Others would look about them as they go by, scanning the faces of the crowd with casual



EACH COLUMN GUIDED BY A SISTER OF CHARITY.

or genuine interest. One old man there is, plump of person and rubicund of countenance, whose broad, unintelligent face beams with benevolence. Beside him strides a tall, ungainly figure, across whose sullen features is writ the one word "Why?" while not far off there paces a brother whose crisp black hair defies the tonsure, his deeply tanned, fine-chiselled features framed by just such a beard as Perugino gives his St. Jerome. But if he, with his thoughtful brow, might have stepped from some old fresco, behind him is one who seems own brother to St. John! His young ascetic face is lit with a great enthusiasm: he finds it hard to match his eager steps to the solemn gait of his companions.

More swaying banners pass; then a break in the procession, and the *baldacchino* is in sight, preceded by chanting priests and choir boys and acolytes with swinging censers. The faces of the choristers wear an air of resignation, as children's do beneath the school inspector's eye; all, save one, who, either more sensitive or more self-righteous than the rest, holds his chubby hands pressed firmly palm to palm in an attitude of unimpeachable devotion. One little acolyte, obviously distressed, glances repeatedly over his shoulder at the cheerful urchin behind him. The melting taper which he carries had gone out . . . the whole procession will be spoiled—the entire ceremony a fiasco! Who does not remember the intensity of childish woes!

There is a stir in the crowd, a ripple of sound. Men's hands go to their hats, and young and old alike fall on their knees as, beneath its canopy of white and gold, to the ringing of silver bells and veiled in clouds of incense, the Host is carried by, borne by the bishop, whose cope of stiff brocade is held on either side by an attendant priest. As the *baldacchino* passes, the crowd surge in behind, a sombre throng, save where the kerchiefs of the women make a splash of vivid colour; while from the windows where the old folk watched there falls a shower of sunlit petals—rose and carnation, lilac, blue and gold.

M. H. NOEL-PATON.



A BROTHERHOOD PASSING WITH CRUCIFIX AND SACRED PICTURE.

SHOOTING NOTES

A HAMMERLESS FLINTLOCK.

TO most sportsmen the hammerless sporting gun suggests, perhaps, not the last word in up-to-date gun design, but, at any rate, comparative modernity; the idea of concealed or internal hammers is, however, one of respectable antiquity. In muzzle-loading percussion arms there are a number of old hammerless systems; and though all such pieces are well worth the gun collector's notice, they cannot yet be classed as rarities. Flintlock hammerless guns, on the other hand, are extremely rare, and though a few museum pieces exist, specimens seldom fall to the private collector's lot.

The piece illustrated I found in Vienna, and bought for a small bale of krönen, which would equal about ten shillings in British currency. The purchase was the least part of the difficulty, for the trophy had yet to be got out of Austria, across a selection of European Customs' frontiers, and back to England. To make matters worse, an incurable habit of collecting arms had led me to stow about seven antique pistols, varying from wheel-locks to percussion pepper-pots, among my ordinary luggage. The Customs authorities have strict orders to prevent the illegal export of military or any other arms; and though gun-running under the nose of the purblind Inter-Allied Commission

closed this joint is almost imperceptible and it confines the priming. The striker is cocked by pulling an extra trigger in the trigger guard back for a couple of inches. The steel wedge then lies flush with the barrel, but its face is at an angle of 30° to the flint. The arm is discharged by pulling the rear trigger, and the plunger drives forward, impelling the flint against the steel, and by its inclined plane action uncovering the priming charge to receive the sparks. The action, though crude, is effective, and with a good flint never fails to give an active spark.

From the old-fashioned sportsman's point of view the advantages of this early hammerless must have been many. It was free from all outside projections to catch in things. It was more waterproof and far more protected against high winds blowing the priming away, and above all it must have been, owing to its centre-fire touch-hole, slightly quicker than its compeers. On the other hand, the steel flies up actually in the line of sight, and it was probably disconcerting to shoot with. This could easily have been changed to a side opening, and it is rather curious that the idea was not developed farther and applied to pocket or holster pistols, for which it would have been well adapted.

A precisely similar piece by the same maker is in the Tower of London, and specimens of kindred type are in the Musée des Invalides, Paris, and at Dresden. Hammerless flintlocks are, however, so rare that it is doubtful, if all private and national collections were scoured, whether a dozen of these pieces could be got together; they rank therefore as one of the most valuable of the arms collector's prizes and take first position as "finds."

HUGH POLLARD.



A RARE FLINTLOCK HAMMERLESS GUN (PRAGUE, Circa 1730).

is one of the staple industries of Central Europe, and train-loads of artillery are obligingly passed by the Customs, a two-hundred-year-old flintlock was too good a case to be missed.

A good collector is not easily parted from his prey. I bribed, cajoled, explained, threatened and pleaded those arms across frontier after frontier, until I had grown accustomed to being the centre of interest. Officials of every kind and degree examined the gun to be certain it was an antique. Wheel-lock pistols were loudly acclaimed as rifles, pepper-pots as arms of precision. If I said the gun was a "carabine," they said it was an "arquebus." I only just escaped arrest for not opening the breech to appease the inspector at Pontarlier; but, as it was a muzzle-loader, even he failed to achieve this after a good five minutes' struggle with the obdurate trigger guard. Dover alone glanced at it, recognised age, and let it pass without impassioned oratory.

The gun is a single-barrel sporting flintlock, made by Stanislaus Paczelt, of Prague, in Bohemia, somewhere about 1730. The stock is of curious light wood, and is of the short, thick, heavy type that one associates with the earlier sporting firearms, and approximates very closely to the general lines of the stock of a "prod" or sporting crossbow. The mounts are of chiselled brass, and the side plates engraved with vigorous but untruthful sporting designs, showing a sportsman in a three-cornered hat, accompanied by hounds dealing with a deer with wonderful antlers, and a wild boar rather larger than himself. The mechanism of the piece is extraordinarily interesting, for, in place of any external hammers or the usual cock and pan, there is a totally concealed bolt action working inside the bottom of the barrel. The last-named is 33½ ins. long, about 20 bore, round for three-quarters of its length, swelling to a beautifully forged octagonal breech. The construction of the tube is peculiar, in that either a liner or double tube has been brazed inside the outer barrel, or else some early attempt at choke boring has been made. The brazed joint is easily discernible at the muzzle, but I have not been able to gauge the inside of the barrel to decide whether it is a choke or double-tube construction.

Into the breech of the barrel is screwed a breech plug with a centre fire touch-hole, and a deep groove to hold the priming charge. This breech plug is extended to screw into a hollow continuation of the barrel, which encloses a spiral spring and a plunger rod fitted with a grip to hold the flint. A wedge-shaped section of this housing is cut away and a steel block with a serrated face is let in on a hinge. When the action is

entirely negative. Had a fox been the disturber he could not have worked his fell purpose without leaving a disordered litter of feathers. In the case of a hedgehog another set of symptoms would have been revealed. Pushing his snout under the sitting hen he would have been rebuffed by a violent beating of wings; this commotion would have beaten down the herbage and besprinkled it with blood drawn by contact with the viciously erected spines. No, the deed had been done without violence of any sort, hence the most probable disturber was a stoat, whose appetite for eggs is frequently sated by driving off the nest a bird too big for successful attack, the meal that is left behind sufficing for present needs.

THE AGGREGATE OF SHOOTING FORECASTS.

A good many people are casting around for a means of estimating the aggregate of opinions as to the coming shooting season. The conditions during the laying, hatching and rearing periods were so peculiar that they seem to have affected different places and even different spots in the same place in varying ways. If the demand for shooting dogs is to be made the criterion, the outlook is not good, for, undoubtedly, animals both of the seeking and retrieving order are a drug on the market. But the question is, whether the unwanted bargains at the recent sales at Aldridge's are to be taken as an indication that no plethora of material demands their services. On the other hand, the post-war scarcity of shooting dogs ran up prices and stimulated a production which may well have outstripped absorbing capacity. In the gun trade the last-moment activity among buyers has been surprisingly keen, though this, again, carries alternative interpretations. The game in sight may be sufficiently encouraging to stimulate purchases, or else the division of former large shooting areas into compact parcels may have enlarged the public to whom sport is available. Cartridge demand at this period is never a very inst utive gauge, for in the nature of things dealers accumulate a large stock and sportsmen order the wherewithal for the first effort. If the early purchases disappear quickly the effect is soon seen in a large bulk of repeat orders, but the extent of these is not apparent till towards October or November. In the nature of things we always hear more about the adversities than the successes. This is partly because keepers are not addicted to enthusiasms, and partly because any undue credit which may be accorded to natural forces diminishes that earned by the individual.

MAX BAKER.

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